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COUNT ARNIM'S IMPRISONMENT.

**A** PRACTICE has lately come into fashion among foreign diplomatists which is in the highest degree reprehensible. This practice is that of publishing, to suit their own private convenience or to gratify their own private malignity, documents which have come into their possession as the trusted servants of the State. The officials of the Second Empire may perhaps be credited with the distinction of having first invented or popularized this practice. Many of them had lived as adventurers in an atmosphere of adventure, and they looked on State documents as so many revolvers which, as they were in custody of them, they might as well put in their own private drawers on the chance of wanting to shoot some one some day. M. ROUHER kept a large number of these secret weapons of diplomatic murder in his own house, where they fell into the hands of the Germans. That M. ROUHER ever meant to make a bad use of them is not to be asserted or implied; but it showed an extraordinary laxity of official usages when it was possible that a Minister, after leaving office, should retain documents in his possession which belonged to the State, and of which an unscrupulous man might have made a dishonest use. M. BENEDETTI after the fall of the Empire took upon himself to divulge secrets with which he stated himself to have become acquainted in his diplomatic career, in order that, as he said, he might do himself justice. It so happened that he had nothing more to say than that Prince BISMARCK had befooled him, which was antecedently probable; but he tried to do all the harm he could. More recently the Duke of GRAMONT made his revelations, and published documents which were calculated to place Austria in a position of difficulty and embarrass its relations with Prussia. His revelations showed that Austria was strongly inclined to pledge herself to help France when the war with Germany was threatening; but this was perfectly well known to Prussia, and, as the policy of Austria had subsequently entirely changed, and her great aim was to be on good terms with Germany, Prince BISMARCK was quite content with what he had got, and no notice was taken of what Austria had been thinking of doing some time before. The crowning act of indiscretion, however, was that of General DELLA MARMORA, who, merely to enjoy the malicious fun of starting a quarrel between Germany and Italy, published an account of what had been talked of between him and the representative of Prussia at a period when the policy of Prussia was very undecided. Prince BISMARCK remonstrated in the strongest way with the Italian Government, and in fact called it to account severely for such an act of treachery being unpunished. The Italian Government expressed its deep regret, but stated that under the existing Italian law there was no mode of punishing the offender. It offered, however, to bring in a Bill by which such an offence as that of which General DELLA MARMORA had been guilty should in future be punishable criminally, and, the German Government expressing itself satisfied with this offer, the matter dropped. It was not necessary for the Italian Government to press for a reciprocal enactment, as the law of Prussia already made the abstraction of State documents a criminal offence, and it would probably have seemed to both parties in the highest degree unlikely that any Prussian official would be guilty of such an offence. If this, however, was the conviction of Prince BISMARCK, he has lived to see himself mistaken.

Count ARNIM has passed the best years of his life

in the diplomatic service of Prussia, and has held posts of the highest importance. He represented Prussia at Rome while the arrangements were in progress for the Vatican Council of 1870, and subsequently he was sent to Paris after the German war. The man who was selected to represent his country on two such occasions was necessarily a very distinguished and trusted public servant, and he became of course the confidant of Prince BISMARCK on many occasions, when the PRINCE's policy was not improbably shifting, and perhaps not over-scrupulous. For many years Count ARNIM and his chief were on the best of terms, but at length the PRINCE thought Count ARNIM was committing himself in a wrong direction. It was rumoured that Count ARNIM had been allying himself too warmly with the party which matured the stroke by which M. THIERS was driven from power. This is only rumour, and the precise reason for Count ARNIM's being recalled was not officially divulged. To have divulged it would have been highly improper and contrary to all precedent. A diplomatist, when he enters the service, knows that he is always liable to be removed from his post if he does not satisfy his official superiors, and he must be content to suffer in silence if his recall has been unwise or unjust. At one time it was supposed that, in order to smooth his fall, Count ARNIM would be sent to the dignified exile of Constantinople; but for some reason or other the notion of Count ARNIM going to represent Germany at the Porte was abandoned, and he was left without employment, and in a state of great irritation against Prince BISMARCK. In an evil hour he took a method of vengeance which reduced him to the level of M. BENEDETTI and General DELLA MARMORA. He published, or allowed to be published, at Vienna copies of despatches which he had written from Rome to Prince BISMARCK. The only thing that these despatches showed was that Count ARNIM had from the outset had a keen and just appreciation of the policy of the Papal Court, and that he might be credited with having seen into the future earlier and more keenly than Prince BISMARCK. But the fact that confidential despatches should be published at all was held in Germany to be so disgraceful that the gossiping enemies of Prince BISMARCK, who, if they hear that the PRINCE takes off his boots before going to bed, are positive that he does so in some Machiavellian way and for some diabolical purpose, started the ingenious theory that Prince BISMARCK had himself published these Roman despatches in order to fix on Count ARNIM the terrible stigma of having betrayed diplomatic confidence. That Count ARNIM actually published these despatches was perhaps impossible for the German Government to prove, for they had been published at Vienna; but if Count ARNIM had resented, as he ought to have done, the notion that he could have been guilty of such treachery, he would have done his utmost to aid the Government in discovering the real offender. He remained silent and passive, and the German Government began to consider what was its position towards him. The first thing to know was, what despatches Count ARNIM had got. Prince HOHENLOHE, who succeeded him at Paris, was directed to search the archives, and see whether all documents were there that ought to have been there. It was found that a large number were missing. Count ARNIM was called on to state what had become of them. As to some, he said that they were mere private documents as to his income and allowances, and that these did not concern the State at all, and that he had carried them off as part of his own property. As to others, he said that they were not official letters,

but confidential letters on diplomatic matters from Prince BISMARCK, that Prince BISMARCK had chosen to trust him, and had written to him, and that the letters were his letters, and he meant to keep them. As to others, he owned that they were State documents, but he protested that he had not an idea of what had become of them. Of all the missing documents he knew the whole history, except of those the abstraction or retention of which might make him criminally responsible. It was not likely that the German Government would be satisfied with such an answer. What owner of property would have been satisfied with such an answer? To avoid scandal, however, the German Government tried to bring about an amicable arrangement, and to induce Count ARNIM to give up the missing documents. He positively refused, and then the machinery of the criminal law was set in motion, and he was arrested.

This is of course the story of the German Government, as communicated to the world through the semi-official newspapers. But it has been thought very hard on Count ARNIM that, even if this story is true, he should have been arrested. This is an opinion which it is difficult to share. If the story is true, Count ARNIM appears to be by no means a martyr, but, on the contrary, a very culpable and reprehensible person. That any dirty trick is pardonable if it is done not for private gain, but for political objects, is a notion very widely spread, and has long been current in English boroughs at election times, but it is not by any means a healthy or wise way of looking at things. Whether it has been prudent and politic to let the law take its course against Count ARNIM is a different question. That is a point on which it is very hard to judge. Even well-informed Germans do not seem to know what to say as to the expediency of the step, and foreigners may therefore be content to say that they are no judges. Gossip says that a pamphlet is forthcoming for some of the scandal of which Count ARNIM has supplied the materials, and that Prince BISMARCK has only anticipated the blow that was to be struck against him. This is very probably mere gossip, and if the arrest is to be discussed on the ground of temporary expediency, the possibility of a pamphlet being published with revelations damaging to Prince BISMARCK does not seem enough to make the arrest prudent and politic. These damaging revelations do not generally hurt any one very much, and the meanness and dishonesty of the proceeding would have been so flagrant that a man so strongly placed as Prince BISMARCK was not likely to have been much injured. But, apart from questions as to the expediency of punishing it, the offence of which Count ARNIM is accused ought not to be considered a light one. In the documents of which Count ARNIM is stated to be in wrongful possession it is not very improbable that some strong and unpleasant things were said about Italy, for Prince BISMARCK's Italian policy has notoriously varied at different times. Supposing these documents to be published by Count ARNIM or with his connivance, the Italian Government might justly complain, for it was made by Germany to pass a Bill punishing criminally such acts of treachery. Ordinarily, of course, a Government can do nothing until publication has actually taken place, and cannot be blamed for not having acted before. It will say that it had no knowledge that State documents were in wrong hands, and that it could not believe that a man of high station would be guilty of dishonesty. But in this case the Italian Government would reply that the German Government did know that there were strong grounds for believing Count ARNIM to be illegally in possession of documents that did not belong to him, and that it did know what he was capable of, for he had already published confidential despatches at Vienna, or had connived at their publication, which, as throwing light on the character of the man, comes to the same thing. In short, assuming the alleged facts to be true, Count ARNIM does not appear to us to deserve the slightest commiseration, and the German Government is setting a useful example in showing that it will not overlook a political crime even in a man of high rank and consideration. But whether, for the purposes of current politics, his arrest has been prudent and expedient is a question of which probably no one except Prince BISMARCK himself knows enough of all the circumstances to judge; and, with all his knowledge of the circumstances, Prince BISMARCK may have come to a wrong decision.

#### THE NORTHAMPTON ELECTION.

THE result of the Northampton election would have been more satisfactory if Mr. FOWLER had been returned. The Conservatives have every right to rejoice in the success of their candidate; but at present the party which most requires encouragement is that of the moderate Liberals. For the time the Government is strong enough; but there is no Opposition which could safely assume the responsibilities of office. The adherents of Mr. BRADLAUGH or of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN happily still form a minority in the constituency; but it would be a grave misfortune if any considerable section of the Liberal party were either to accept Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's tendered alliance or to identify themselves with the rioters of Northampton. The country will be in an insecure condition when unqualified faith in Mr. DISRAELI becomes the only alternative of revolution. Mr. BRADLAUGH has employed considerable abilities and respectable attainments in propagating opinions which are altogether inconsistent with the existing structure of society. In more than questionable taste he has denounced with coarse ridicule the religious opinions of the great bulk of the community, and he announces himself as a Republican of the extreme Jacobin species. It is not a pleasant discovery that household suffrage has produced in Northampton nearly eighteen hundred voters who would, if they had the power, destroy not only the Monarchy, but the institution of property; but nothing can be more natural than that the resentment of an anarchical faction at their defeat should, in spite of the prudent remonstrances of their leader, express itself in acts of violence. A Northampton Commune would probably emulate the performances of its prototype at Paris. Mr. BRADLAUGH once excusably hoaxed a reporter of an American paper by elaborate statements of the resources which would enable him on the next vacancy in the Crown to establish a Socialist Republic. It is highly improbable that he entertains any treatable designs of that or any other kind, but his rhetorical language may perhaps be accepted seriously by a turbulent rabble. Demagogues, like organic parasites, indicate the existence of morbid substances of which, as Mr. PLATFAIR lately said at Glasgow, it may perhaps never be determined whether they are a cause or a consequence.

The inveteracy of the habit of talking party cant is illustrated by the comments of more than one Liberal newspaper on the return of a Conservative candidate for Northampton. Mr. BRADLAUGH is charged, not with the advocacy of mischievous and ruinous doctrines, but with the stale and conventional crime of dividing the Liberal party. It would have been as rational for the representatives of orthodoxy in the eighteenth century to complain that VOLTAIRE, to the great advantage of Protestants and other heretics, divided the Catholic Church. It is incredible that writers in the *Daily News* or the *Telegraph* should really believe their own tacit assumption that the abolition of religion, of monarchy, and of property are articles of the Liberal creed. If the avowed opinions of the leaders of the party, or the well-known convictions of its members, are entitled to even approximate credence and reasonable consideration, Mr. BRADLAUGH is not a tolerated dissident, but an irreconcilable adversary of Liberalism. To divide parties which are already separated by an impassable chasm is an imaginary achievement. It was a question of expediency for Mr. BRADLAUGH and his adherents whether they would lose or gain more by a public exposition of their numerical strength in the borough of Northampton. It is also possible that, calculating with too sanguine a confidence on the stupidity of their Liberal adversaries, they hoped that the wolf would be admitted into the fold, though he scarcely troubled himself to adjust his sheepskin decently. If respectable journalists call Mr. BRADLAUGH a Liberal, he cannot be blamed for adopting the designation, as long as it suits his purpose. On the whole, although he has been disappointed in his reliance on the credulity of the Liberal party, Mr. BRADLAUGH has little reason to regret that he persisted in going to the poll. There is no reason why he should prefer Mr. FOWLER to Mr. MEREWETHER, or Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. DISRAELI. His followers were perhaps slightly unjust in attacking the houses and offices of the local Liberals, who, after all, proved that they had a better right than the Communists to represent the Opposition. Nevertheless the revolutionary faction has shown that it is in some degree formidable. The



votes which were given to Mr. BRADLAUGH will be disposable for the purposes of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S negotiations with the Liberals.

Of the total number of 5,773 votes, Mr. MEREWETHER received 2,171, Mr. FOWLER 1,836, and Mr. BRADLAUGH 1,766. It may be taken for granted that, if no Liberal candidate had appeared, of the whole number of Liberal voters a portion would have abstained, and the remainder would have supported Mr. MEREWETHER. It is therefore absurd that the supporters of Mr. BRADLAUGH should complain of the division of the Liberal party, while it is probable that the Radical votes would have turned the scale in favour of Mr. FOWLER if Mr. BRADLAUGH had withdrawn. The Liberal electors deserve credit for not allowing disappointment and probable defeat to provoke them into a dishonest sanction of the candidature of Mr. BRADLAUGH. The change in the representation of the borough must be extremely annoying to the party which was formerly dominant. In the last Parliament Northampton was represented by a Whig gentleman holding the anomalous rank of an Irish peer, and by a Dissenting Radical of the school of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. Mr. GILPIN once published, and perhaps wrote, a pamphlet in support of the principles of the Peace Society, for the purpose of proving that it would cost less to submit to a French conquest than to commit the wicked and costly act of resisting the invader by arms. The follies which were fashionable or possible twenty years ago have become obsolete and harmless; and Mr. GILPIN subsided into the position of a minor functionary in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government; yet it seems probable that his constituents were rather strong than moderate in their Liberalism, though they laudably shrink from the startling theories of Mr. BRADLAUGH. It would have been well if their courage and consistency had been rewarded by a proof that they were still numerous enough to return a representative of their own principles against both the regular Conservatives and the anarchical faction. Although it is probably useless to tender advice which may clash with party interests, the Conservatives would act wisely in supporting moderate Liberals against revolutionary opponents. The return of Mr. FORSTER for Bradford at the head of the poll was a severe rebuke to factious politicians.

Before the Northampton election it was not unfrequently suggested that the return of the Socialist candidate would effectually extinguish a troublesome demagogue. It is true that Mr. BRADLAUGH would in the House of Commons have found a level, perhaps even below his legitimate pretensions. The House is not easily stirred by windy declamation, and in its present constitution it profoundly dislikes extreme opinions. Subversive agitation in Parliament will for some time to come be impracticable, but it is not desirable to record the approval of Mr. BRADLAUGH'S principles by even the most ignorant constituency. A demagogue who is powerless in the House of Commons may nevertheless exercise additional authority over a disaffected rabble when he is known to be a member of Parliament. There is no immediate danger of a successful attack on the great institutions of the country, but it would be a melancholy innovation that England should, like some Continental countries, enter on an epoch of struggle for the maintenance of the freedom and order which have hitherto been matters of course. In such a contest, agitators of the order of Mr. BRADLAUGH would, among other results of their violence, perform the function for which France is indebted to such politicians as RANC and ROCHEFORT, and Spain to the Federalists and the Carthagena insurgents. The great mass of the French population would prefer the Empire, or perhaps even the Legitimate Monarchy, to the supremacy of LEDRU ROLLIN, or of the leaders of the Commune. A Republic would perhaps have been already established if the Jacobins and Socialists had not, like Mr. BRADLAUGH with the Liberals of Northampton, divided the Republican party. The advantage which the Conservatives have on many occasions derived from the obstinacy of the ultra-Radicals is but too likely to encourage the reactionary tendencies of the less enlightened section of the party; yet it would be an error to suppose that the more intelligent constituencies object to Liberal doctrines because they reject the opinions of Mr. BRADLAUGH.

#### THE REGENT'S PARK EXPLOSION.

THE explosion of gunpowder at Regent's Park has subjected a considerable part of the population of London to some of the experiences of a bombarded city. It was

as if the enemy had sprung a mine in the night, and the wide area over which the wave of destruction may be traced attests the terrible violence of the shock. The most alarming feature of the catastrophe, however, grave as it is, is not so much the actual ruin which has been caused as the possibilities of disaster which are suggested to the imagination. It is now realized that London has hitherto been exposed at any moment to the most fearful devastation, and that it is only an accidental circumstance that the consequences of the explosion of Friday last were not infinitely more serious. The impression which has been produced on the public mind by this event may be expected to lead to some useful results, but it is melancholy to reflect on the apathy and indifference with which previous cautions have been received. Forewarned is said to be forearmed, but the clearest knowledge of the danger of moving large quantities of gunpowder did not induce any special precautions in inland transport. To adopt a favourite phrase of our time, "the whole subject" was under the consideration of Government; and while questions more or less doubtful were debated at tedious length, measures obviously and indisputably necessary were delayed. The manufacturing, storing, and moving of gunpowder and other explosives are treated "exhaustively," as pedants love to say, in two Blue-Books of last Session, in which everything was said that could be said on the subject, while nothing was done. Major MAJENDIE, R.A., made a Report to the Home Office, dated May 16, 1872, in which he stated and proved that "the regulations as to the conveyance of powder by water are quite inadequate to prevent accidents." He made a further Report on April 1, 1874, and thereupon a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to hear Major MAJENDIE say all that he had already written, and to hear also all that the "trade" and the carriers had to say on the other side. The time of this Committee was chiefly occupied with discussion as to the making and storing of explosives, while the duty of legislating as to transport was admitted and postponed. Considering that the Report fills 370 pages of a Blue-Book, it is surprising that the Committee could not find space or time to make a practical proposal. They merely recommend that Railway and Canal Companies shall have power to frame bylaws for regulating the loading and carriage of explosives, the place, time, and mode of loading, amount to be carried, and "necessary precautions," and that the exercise of this power should be superintended and enforced by the Home Office. This is rather a poor result of an elaborate inquiry. There is a complete classification of explosives, new and old; witnesses were patiently heard and fully reported in dissertations upon the commercial value and harmless character of dynamite; but the difficult question how far regulation of traffic can be carried without destroying trade or inducing evasion was treated with strange indifference.

The householders of Regent's Park, sitting among the ruins of their dwellings, may console themselves by reading the Blue-Book which contains Major MAJENDIE'S neglected warnings. His evidence dwelt chiefly, as might have been expected, on controverted points. The manufacturers disputed the necessity of some regulations which he proposed, and they, being a rich and powerful interest, occupied much of the attention of the Committee. The only witness called on the special point of carriage was Mr. THOMAS KAY of the London and North-Western Railway, and he had nothing very particular to say. A general regulation of all the Railway Companies provides that "gunpowder in kegs, barrels, or wooden cases must only be carried in gunpowder vans," but it does not appear that any special precautions are taken in loading or discharging these vans. The barrels or casks when taken out of the vans are set down on the ground in the ordinary way. The Railway Companies have, however, recognized the necessity of taking at least some precautions, but other carriers seem to have utterly disregarded the dangerous character of their operations. A covered cart is required by law for more than thirty barrels of gunpowder; but there is nothing to require that the cart shall be properly made inside by the exclusion of iron, or by being tight-fitting, &c. "A cart," said Major MAJENDIE to the Committee, "conveying gunpowder is practically a movable magazine, and it is quite clear that the precautions taken in magazines ought not to be neglected in carts, especially as the cart, unlike the magazine, is moving through populous places. Similarly with regard to barges; they are under no restrictions with respect to their construction. In fact, the argument applies with greater force to barges, because barges may carry up to 500 barrels;

"whereas the quantity conveyed in a cart is, of course, much more limited." Nothing could have been said to call the attention of the Committee more pointedly to the danger of carrying gunpowder in barges, but nothing was done by Parliament to regulate this practice, and now it has resulted in a deplorable calamity. This neglect to take practical precautions is the more culpable because the traffic in gunpowder and other explosives has become so large that carriers may with no great inconvenience observe special regulations in dealing with it. At Liverpool, where there is a special Act of Parliament on the subject, it is believed that gunpowder is not allowed to come into the town at all; but it does come into London, and is loaded largely at various railway goods depôts surrounded by population. The quantities conveyed depend upon the liveliness or otherwise of trade. In 1870 immense quantities of gunpowder and other explosives were conveyed through the metropolis in open vans covered with tarpaulin from the different railway stations to Blackwall, and thence transferred from land to water carriage. On the 27th of December, 1870, fifteen vehicles loaded with barrels of gunpowder, about twenty tons, were sent from Camden Town to Blackwall Stairs (a densely populated place) to be shipped off. The whole of the loaded vans were detained in the street for some time waiting for the arrival of the barge to take on the cargo. The operations being in compliance with the requirements of the law, the police had no legal power to interfere. These facts were stated by the Superintendent of the Thames Police in answer to inquiries addressed to him by Major MAJENDIE. "I beg to submit," he said, "that such a number of vehicles loaded with gunpowder passing through a crowded metropolis, and of necessity detained in the street for some time, must be attended with great danger to life and property." It is easy to understand that at the period referred to the trade in gunpowder was pretty brisk, and those concerned in it thought only of getting their business done as quickly as possible. So the dangerous load was passed on by carts to Blackwall, and fortunately for London this gunpowder exercised its destructive power elsewhere.

The practice of transferring gunpowder from land to water carriage, and *vice versa*, at public landing places—namely, Wapping Dock Stairs, High Street, Wapping, Bow Creek, and Blackwall Stairs—has been carried on for many years, but generally in conformity with the regulations of the Gunpowder Act. It is a common and perhaps inevitable practice for men to be standing about smoking their pipes while such transfers are being made; and the evidence just given at the inquest shows the extreme recklessness with which not only smoking, but fires, are allowed on barges carrying powder. Major MAJENDIE says that the powder-barrels are generally well made; but shrinking is possible, and blows and falls have been known to occur, and a small leakage forms a train by which the entire mass of powder in cart or barge may be fired. The precautions adopted in the Army and Navy in handling powder contrast forcibly with the carelessness of civilians. It would be well if London were exposed to no greater danger than that of tumbrils, in charge, we presume, of soldiers, passing along Oxford Street. The police officer before quoted mentions an instance of a train of carriages containing in the aggregate twenty tons of powder travelling all at once through London, and this is probably the usual practice. The existing law limits the quantity to be carried in one van, but there is no limit to the number of vans that may go in a line. It is admitted, however, by Major MAJENDIE that when precaution is taken, it may be better to send forward the entire quantity that may be on hand at once, and get rid of it. He insists that all explosives carried should be duly labelled and declared, and carriers should combine with the public in urging this requirement. "The evidence with regard to sending large quantities of dynamite as slate, in Wales, and the carrying of nitro-glycerine, as much as 10 lbs., in a passenger carriage, is exceedingly unpleasant," says Major MAJENDIE, "and discloses a very unsafe and unsatisfactory state of things." As regards gunpowder, it is manifest that such a quantity as five tons, if conveyed by water, ought to have been placed in a barge specially constructed for the purpose; and if this had been done, the recent explosion would to all appearance have been avoided. The practice of the Railway Companies goes far to fix moral responsibility on the Canal Company for not adopting any precaution similar to that of the "van air-tight and built very strongly" which Mr. KAY de-

scribes. This duty was the more incumbent on the Canal Company because there is manifestly a large and regular trade in blasting powder between London and the Midland counties. It may be interesting to Londoners to know that their city is the great emporium of foreign trade in explosives, and vast quantities are also sent from the manufacturing factories through London to the mining districts.

In the year 1862 an Act "for the safe keeping of petroleum" was passed by Parliament; and the provisions of the Act of 1860 as to searching for gunpowder are incorporated with this Act, and are to be construed as if the word "gunpowder" included petroleum. It will be found, however, that this Act provides for the case of petroleum being brought in a ship into a harbour, or being placed in a warehouse, but not for that of its being carried in a barge along a canal either with or without gunpowder in the same cargo. Parliament probably intended to protect the public against all the dangers likely to arise from the importation of petroleum, but it only provided against some of them. There is a provision in the Gunpowder Act of 1860 that no gunpowder shall be conveyed in any barge or boat not having a close deck, and any gunpowder conveyed otherwise than as the Act prescribes may be seized. But this enactment is not of much practical value after an explosion. It may be inferred that, as Parliament considered gunpowder dangerous, and petroleum dangerous, it would have considered a combination of these two articles doubly dangerous, but there is no express provision applicable to such combination. "Petroleum may be searched for in the same manner," says the Act, as gunpowder, and of course if they are placed in the hold of the same vessel, this enactment might be conveniently carried into effect. There is an Act of 1866 "as to the carriage and deposit of dangerous goods," but it has not, so far as we know, been extended to petroleum, and even if it had, it would only provide that a carrier should not be bound to carry that article. On the whole, the intention of the Legislature to do something is manifest, but unfortunately the Legislature occupied itself during the last Session with explosives of another class. A small portion of the time occupied in debate on the "burning question" of Ritualism might have sufficed for the humble but useful task of empowering the Home Office to require Railway and Canal Companies to make proper regulations for the carriage of gunpowder and dynamite. Even if there had not been time to make complete arrangements as to vans and barges, the vigilance thus aroused would probably have prevented the disastrous explosion which has now occurred.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S argument in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* may perhaps convert some Liberal adventurers to his opinions. It is possible that he may be right in his judgment that extreme proposals have a better chance of ultimate success than applications of the recognized principles of the Liberal party. Some of the late Ministers have at different times intimated their conviction that party interests were the proper object of political exertion; but sometimes they have thought that the return of the Liberals to power will be most effectually promoted by passive expectation, although the leaders ought at the proper time to be ready to appreciate and echo a popular cry. Mr. GOSCHEN and some members of the party less eminent in position have lately solaced themselves with the contemplation of obvious Ministerial blunders, and of the personal differences which are undoubtedly to be found in the Cabinet. Mr. STANSFELD, while he was still in office, repeatedly dwelt in his speeches on the necessity of perpetually providing some new attraction on the boards of the Liberal theatre. Whether the new piece might lead to the moral and intellectual improvement of the audience was a question of secondary importance, provided that applauding crowds could by any means be collected. The general election corrected some misapprehension as to the profit to be gained by perpetual novelties. The English nation, if not Conservative, is slow, and it is puzzled by incessant shifting of the scenes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN acutely remarks that the late Government, through a deficiency in the sense of proportion, worried all classes by proposals of change which, even when they were for the better, were not



always worth the trouble and disturbance which they caused. "There has been too much 'nagging' in legislation, and the Imperial Parliament, which, like the elephant's trunk, can pick up pins or rend an oak, has gathered pins enough to fill a lady's reticule." Even when proposed readjustments were not altogether trivial, they were often gratuitously unseasonable. Mr. GOSCHEN probably lost the Government several seats by a superfluous suggestion that all the landed estates belonging to corporate bodies should be sold, and the proceeds invested in personal securities. As no measure of the kind was at the time under the consideration of the Cabinet, it was totally unnecessary to threaten powerful bodies with wanton confiscation. The Liberal leaders were, with scarcely an exception, misled by the success of the Irish Bills of 1870 and 1871. They exaggerated both the public confidence in themselves and the popularity which seemed to be easily earned by tampering with established institutions. They are now warned by a writer who is rather an independent ally than a supporter, that the enthusiasm of the multitude is only to be roused by bold appeals to its interests and its passions.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is himself in no sense a political adventurer, nor indeed is he careful to conceal his contempt for the speculative proselytes whom he hopes to rally to the cause of subversion. It is not his immediate purpose to prove the expediency of destroying the Church, of confiscating landed property, or of effecting still more sweeping changes to which for the moment he has no occasion to refer. His appeal is virtually addressed to trading politicians of the Liberal party, who, while they would probably desire to counteract all Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S efforts, may nevertheless be willing for sufficient consideration to co-operate in his revolutionary schemes. It has always been held that a belligerent may lawfully avail himself of the services of a deserter, whom he rewards with the stipulated payment, while he is not bound to accord him his respect or esteem. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S essay on Liberal policy is vigorous and perhaps persuasive, and it bears marks of literary cultivation and taste; but in substance it amounts to the offer of a bribe, while it defines the conditions of an alliance between the extreme Radicals and the Liberals who at present shrink from the measures tendered for their acceptance. The bargain is to be of the simplest kind. The late Ministers and those who share their opinions will be welcome to resume office if only they will abandon all claim to determine the policy of the party. When they have destroyed the Church, redistributed property, and perhaps abolished the House of Lords and the Crown itself, they may possibly find that their associates may be inclined to administer the affairs of the State which they will have remodelled. There is no reason why Mr. GOSCHEN should be preferred to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the future Prime Minister or President. By a rhetorical artifice which is pardonable because it has no tendency to deceive, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN tacitly assumes that the Liberal party is pledged to the principle of change, and not merely to the definite changes which have for the most part been already accomplished. The extension of the suffrage and the institution of the Ballot were only applications of the doctrine that the power of the majority ought to be universal, and the influence of property discountenanced. On Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S principles, consistency requires that the same object should be still pursued until it is fully attained.

For the present purpose it was not necessary to classify the demands of the ultra-Radicals according to their relative importance or urgency. Addressing an audience which is supposed to have no fixed opinion or conscientious conviction, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN examines the question of the existing institutions which it would pay best to attack in the first instance. Although he is generally a candid disputant, he is not superior to the commonplace fallacy of applying a single laudatory epithet to all the various innovations which he desires to introduce. The adjective "free" has acquired certain favourable associations, and it is therefore in its various senses used in controversy to describe any system which it may be thought convenient to eulogize. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is an advocate of "free land," "free Church," "free schools," and various other things combined by the common attribute of freedom. It matters little for rhetorical purposes whether an impressive word conveys a definite meaning. A free Church is equivalent to a sect or sects without endowment; free land implies the transfer of the freehold from the owner to the

occupier; and free schools represent the absence of payment by the parents, and therefore a gigantic endowment provided at the public expense. All these things may for the sake of argument be admitted to be good, but they have nothing in common except that they have all a democratic character. It may perhaps be right that churches should be supported by voluntary subscription, and schools by general taxation, involving absolute control by the State or by some delegated authority; but endowment and prohibition of endowments cannot be accurately described by the same term.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is for various reasons of opinion that, looking exclusively to its own interest, the Liberal party cannot at present advantageously commence an agitation either for the further extension of the franchise, or for the more important object of a redistribution of electoral districts. Either measure, or both in combination, would absolutely and finally disfranchise the classes which have hitherto exercised political power. In time the constituencies may perhaps be cajoled or frightened into a surrender; but it would be rash to begin the struggle when a general election has resulted in the accession of a Conservative Government. The establishment of absolute tenant-right, or, in other words, the arbitrary transfer of the fee simple of land from the landlord to the tenant, would, in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S opinion, be the most beneficial of all changes; but the farmers are for the moment rather afraid of the Unions than hostile to their landlords; and it may be added that the advocates of confiscation will do well to wait for precedents of plunder committed by capitalists with the sanction of landowners. The Associated Chamber of Commerce only the other day sanctioned a proposal that the Railway Commissioners should have power to repeal, in accordance with the doctrines of the Wisconsin Granges, all the existing Parliamentary tariffs. If a silly Minister should be supported by thoughtless county members in adopting the piratical project, it is difficult to understand how the precedent could be disputed when it was afterwards proposed to make the occupier of land a freeholder. On the whole, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN concludes that the next Liberal campaign may with the greatest prospect of success be undertaken against the Established Church. Many millions of booty, and the gratification of innumerable spites and jealousies, would ensure the support of many zealous partisans to the Liberal assailants. On this question Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself is not wholly dispassionate. The zest with which he recalls the foolish utterances of a few ignorant and perverse clergymen indicates his antipathy to a Church which will assuredly not be rendered more reasonable or more tolerant by disestablishment. In some instances clergymen who use insolent language to Dissenters are themselves professed advocates of disestablishment. Social position and competence have no direct tendency to make men vulgar, conceited, or pugnacious. The Irish priests who have no endowments use more abusive language in a week than the outlying fanatics of the Establishment in a year. Gentlemen, as a rule, are not foul-mouthed, though religious malignity may sometimes overpower the restraints of position and education. The Liberal party will have leisure to weigh Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S offers of support. Those among them who are wholly exempt from conscientious scruples may probably be inclined to close with his proposals. No discredit will attach to the purchaser who buys venal politicians in open market.

#### FRENCH ELECTIONS.

WHEN both sides claim the victory it is usually safe to assume that the battle has been very nearly drawn, but the rule will hardly hold good in the case of the elections to the French Councils-General. The Republicans deserve to have their successes suspected because their journals made a great deal too much of the first indications of the result which reached Paris. When 1,400 elections are held on the same day, and the greater number of the successful candidates are men unknown beyond their own canton, it would take time to appreciate their opinions even if the elections turned on purely political issues. But in this case it is impossible to say how far local considerations came into play. In England political passion has often determined municipal contests, but since the Ballot it would be difficult to predict whether political passion would lead a Liberal to vote for a Town Councillor of his own party supposing that he knew him to be unsound upon the price

of gas. In France the number of electors who take no interest, or at all events no part, in politics is much larger than in England, so that in municipal contests great allowance has to be made for the appearance at the poll of a body of voters who will care little whether a man is a Monarchist or a Republican provided that he has property in the neighbourhood, and that he will undertake to secure for his canton its full share of any good things that may be going. Even in the elections to the Assembly considerations of this kind exercise a considerable influence, and in elections for a local Legislature which has no concern with politics except in the improbable contingency of the Assembly being dispersed by violence, their influence is legitimate as well as considerable. After all people must live, whatever be the form of government in favour at Versailles. They must get their crops to market whether the taxes which have to be paid out of the proceeds go into a Republican or into an Imperialist treasury, and if they are to get their crops to market they want old roads mended and new roads made. Why should they anticipate the verdict of a general election by sending to the Council of their department a man who knows nothing about roads, or worse, wants to have a road made in the wrong place, merely to read a lesson to the Assembly or to Marshal MACMAHON? They care so little for politics that they often do not vote at the election of a deputy, and there can be no reason why at the election of a man to manage the affairs, not of the nation but of the department, they should suddenly profess a patriotism which they have not displayed on more appropriate occasions. In the absence, therefore, of any definite news about the elections of Sunday last, it is safe to say that, though a Republican victory would have been very significant, a Conservative victory is of very small import. Throughout the rural districts the man best fitted to look after local business will often be a Monarchist of some shade or other. It does not follow that the peasant who voted for him last Sunday would be equally ready to vote for him if he came forward at the next partial election. It is only men who have nothing to lose who find it impossible to distinguish between local affairs and national affairs, or think that because a man is a good Republican he is necessarily a good man of business. A candidate for a Council-General asks the electors to appoint him their agent in a variety of matters which nearly affect their pockets. Prudent voters will want some better qualification for this office than a certificate from a political Committee.

The elections of the 4th of October have done little therefore to gratify the curiosity which is felt in Paris as to the issue of a general election, supposing that the Conservatives are driven into trying the experiment. Before the Councils-General were returned the contests for them rather dwarfed the elections for the Assembly which are to be held on Sunday week. Now that they have proved somewhat barren in political significance, the interest in the filling up of the three vacant seats in the Maritime Alps, in Seine and Oise, and in the Straits of Calais has revived. In the second of these departments the only anti-Republican candidate is the Duke of PADUA, and the supporters of the Government will have to make up their minds how large a dose of Imperialism they can swallow in order to defeat a Republican. The Duke's address to the electors is perfectly frank. The qualifications on which he rests his canvass are purely Imperialist. He reminds them that he was Prefect "during the difficult" period from 1849 to 1852—the period of the *Coup d'état* and the proclamation of the Empire. He was made Minister of the Interior by NAPOLEON III., and on the 16th of March last he was chosen as the interpreter of French feeling to NAPOLEON IV. These are his claims as regards the past. As regards the future he is ready to confer on Marshal MACMAHON all the powers which are necessary for the maintenance of public order and the defence of social interests. But the MARSHAL'S term of office is limited, and the Duke of PADUA thinks it essential that every candidate for a seat in the Assembly should state frankly what is the Government he wishes to see established when the legal delay is at an end. His own desire is to see the son of NAPOLEON III. placed on the throne of his father by the direct expression of the national will. The return of Imperialist deputies will by degrees create in the Assembly a majority prepared to recognize the national sovereignty—which even now is only questioned by such adversaries as the authors of the criminal enterprise of the 4th of September—and to vote the Appeal to the People. It has become a fashion with the Orleanist

journals to blink the fact that a candidate professes devotion to the Empire and to speak of him as purely Conservative. They can hardly apply this process to the Duke of PADUA. If the overthrow of the Empire on the 4th of September was criminal, the subsequent ratification of that overthrow by the National Assembly must have been equally criminal. After his experience of M. BERGER'S address the MINISTER of the INTERIOR will not hastily pledge himself to the illegality of any statement which a Bonapartist candidate may choose to make; but it will be impossible for the Government to promote the Duke of PADUA'S return unless it is prepared to admit that the vote of the Assembly has been virtually cancelled. It certainly was not the intention of those who joined in that vote that the Empire was to be regarded as merely excluded for a term of years, and that at the end of this term the nation would once more be asked whether it wished a BONAPARTE to rule over it. Yet if the Government is not willing to go this length, it has only to make its choice between defeats. How can the Septennate be so universally acceptable to Frenchmen as its organs declare it to be if in an important department no candidate presents himself for election whom it can recommend its friends to vote for? In Maine and Loire the Government had the courage to start a candidate of its own, and when the Imperialist candidate was withdrawn, it had only to solicit the votes which had been given for M. BERGER in the first instance. It will be a much greater descent to have to ask its own supporters to vote for the Bonapartist candidate as the nearest approach to a supporter of the Septennate that can be started with any chance of victory. If the line taken by the Ministerial organs with regard to the election in the Straits of Calais is any guide, the Government will not shrink when it comes to the point from swallowing even the full-blown Imperialism of the Duke of PADUA in Seine and Oise. They have applied to the contest in the former department a convenient theory by which the Bonapartists are divided into two classes, those who demand an immediate appeal to the people and those who are willing to wait for this consummation of their hopes until the Septennate has run its course. The former class must be opposed wherever they are met with, the latter may be accepted as friends and fellow-workers during the interval which they do not desire to disturb. The merit of this division is, that it leaves the friends of the Government free to treat as pure Conservatives every candidate who does not insist on taking a plebiscite for NAPOLEON IV. without a moment's delay. It is needless to say that no such candidate is likely to come forward. The Imperialists are a great deal too shrewd to wish to blow up the Septennate too soon. They know that it is their best friend, and that it would be suicidal as well as ungrateful to get rid of it, even supposing that they had the ability to do so. If the Appeal to the People were conceded at this moment, the Imperialists would probably vote for keeping Marshal MACMAHON where he is. Until the pear is ripe the power of shaking the tree is not worth scheming for. In one respect the address of the Duke of PADUA stands in marked and favourable contrast with the addresses of the Orleanists. He tells the electors plainly what he wants after the Septennate. It would be a curious revelation if every Orleanist candidate could be made to say truly what he wants after the Septennate. The Imperialists go in for Marshal MACMAHON now and NAPOLEON IV. to follow. The Orleanists go in for Marshal MACMAHON now—and what to follow? The policy of the Imperialists is intelligible. They see that the Empire has been damaged by the events of 1870, and they are glad to have a breathing time allowed in which their cause can be thoroughly whitewashed. But what do the Orleanists expect to get when the Septennate has come to an end? If they hope to restore HENRY V., why not restore him at once? If they hope to set up the Count of PARIS, why are they afraid even to hint at their designs? Six years is not too long for a canvass for a throne, and if the Bonapartists think it time to be stirring, the Orleanists, who have more lee way to make up, can hardly be well advised in giving no sign.

#### COUNTY SPEECHES.

AT this time of the year, when the harvest is over, when little is going on, and London is not detaining great people from the company of their rural neighbours, agriculturists of every class love to get together, to eat and drink, and indulge in the innocent recreation of listening to speeches from county members or popular noblemen.



They generally get at least sound sense, practical knowledge, and kindly feeling in the speeches to which they listen; and this is not only all that they want, but exactly what they want. Formerly there was always one ground of difference to be avoided, but now this has ceased to exist, and everything is harmonious. There used to be two sides in politics, and Conservatives and Liberals had to bear in mind that, if peace was to reign, they must all try honestly to think and talk of cows and corn, and not to stray into dangerous topics. Now there are practically no political divisions. The Conservatives are in office, and the Liberals are for the most part very glad to see them there, and there is scarcely a political question that can be mentioned on which Conservative and Liberal county members hold differences of opinion because they belong to different parties. Parties, at any rate in quiet districts where the notion of galvanizing a party with a new cry does not trouble the minds of men, are much the same now; and it is perhaps true that, as Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH said lately at one of these dinners, politicians are very much the same as other men. He has had a very long experience of the House of Commons, and has seen a great many statesmen rise to eminence and go in and out of office. His general conclusion is that eminent politicians are very like other men, only that they have some excellence or other that gives them a superiority. This excellence is, however, a varying one. Some statesmen can speak; others can invent measures; others understand how to wait and keep quiet; others have an instinctive perception of what other men want and like. As instances Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH adduced Lord ALTHORP and Lord MELBOURNE, in whom, as he was in the neighbourhood to which they had belonged, his audience might be supposed to be specially interested. Lord ALTHORP not only was not a great speaker, but he was as bad a speaker as a man can be who, after all, does make a speech; but he was the first and last of eminent Liberal politicians who carried the Tory squires with them in sympathy if not in voting. He was beloved and trusted by his political adversaries, and used to hunt with them and live with them, and preferred their company to reading official letters, which he used to allow to stand over until he liked to read them. What had he beyond ordinary men of his class that made him eminent? He had in a remarkable degree the charm of character which wins friendship, and this gave him a unique position at a time when party differences were very high; but there was nothing in it to mark him off as a distinct person from common men. In the same way Lord MELBOURNE was Prime Minister for many years, and Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH had had many opportunities of examining closely what it was that carried Lord MELBOURNE to the top of the tree. He observed that, in the first place, Lord MELBOURNE was extremely good-looking; next, that he never did anything he could help doing; then, that he was perfectly unaffected, and owned to a fervent love for boiled beef and tripe; and, lastly, he behaved in a gentlemanly way to his rivals, and on quitting office he gave Sir ROBERT PEEL all the information about the Court that he thought would be most useful. These were all good things in their way, but they did not make Lord MELBOURNE a man apart and of a special kind. Had it been consistent with the scope of his remarks to mention men of the present day, Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH might have noticed that the two great parties are now led by men who are of another stamp, and who are conspicuously unlike county members. But he might also have added that this is accidental, and that, as a rule, parties are not led by men of any exceptional position or genius. A survey of the front benches of both sides of the House of Commons certainly countenances the supposition that, when the days of the present leaders are over, what was true formerly will be true again, and that political eminence will be merely due to the possession, in a degree rather beyond the average, of those qualities which are to be found in the ordinary leaders of town or country society.

The chief point of interest for agriculturists to discuss at present is the state of the agricultural labourer, and Lord CARNARVON has lately addressed some very sensible remarks to his Wiltshire neighbours on this subject. One advantage of the mode in which land is held and worked in England is that the landlord is in a position to take a friendly view of the difficulties and struggles of the labourer. It is the farmer who has the hard bargaining, who suffers from laziness and insubordination, who has to command, and is often tempted to bully, those whom he

employs. The landlord from a loftier station looks impartially on the contending parties. He watches and pities the poor, and gladly does all he can to help them so far as he can without interfering with the farmer. Some landlords honestly wonder that, when so much is done for him, the agricultural labourer can think he has any grievances. He has allowances which greatly increase the real amount of his wages, and there are numberless clubs, societies, and institutions, of which it is his own fault if he does not take advantage. This was the view, for example, which was urged with considerable force by Mr. BENYON at the recent gathering in Berkshire. Lord CARNARVON took a wider and a truer view. He recognized that we are in an age of transition, and that the labourer can no longer be treated as a mere dependent, to whom, if he behaves well, little acts of kindness are to be done. The labourer wishes in these days to be more independent, to have his own humble standing, to know exactly what he is bargaining for. Payments, Lord CARNARVON said, must sooner or later be made all in cash, and not partly in cash and partly in kind. The labourer must be allowed to make his contracts for the work he is to do, and not be merely kept alive and told to do this and that. The true way, in Lord CARNARVON'S opinion, of benefiting the labourer in these days is to help him to attain this position; and to this end the country can contribute by insisting on the labourer receiving in childhood the best education compatible with his station, and landlords can contribute by taking care that the adult labourer is decently housed and has a garden, if possible, to give him occupation and interest. Mr. BENYON showed quite as much kindly feeling towards the labourer as Lord CARNARVON did, but the divergence in the general drift of what they said was considerable and important. Both proceeded on the assumption that in England personal relations lie at the bottom of social arrangements, and that it is to the increasing justness of these relations, and not to any great legislative changes, that those who wish well to the agricultural labourer should look. But Mr. BENYON represented the ancient, Lord CARNARVON the modern, view of regarding the relations of the landlord and the labourer. To make labourers happy dependents was the aim of Mr. BENYON; to give labourers within reasonable limits the happiness of a modest independence was the aim of Lord CARNARVON; and it is not going very far to say that the field of Mr. BENYON'S thoughts was the past, while the field of Lord CARNARVON'S thoughts was the future of the English agricultural poor.

There is another subject which in a smaller way has a natural interest for the more thoughtful members of country society. It is on the agricultural labourer that recruiting for the army in a large degree depends. It does not depend on him so largely as it did formerly, but we must still in a great degree look for supplies to the rural districts. How things are going on in this respect is therefore a question which very properly claims the attention of those who do not forget the interests of a kingdom in the interests of a county. In addressing his Berkshire friends Colonel LOYD LINDSAY expressed the great anxiety with which he was oppressed when he saw the kind of recruits now obtained. In everything that money can buy for soldiers our army is the first in the world. It is better armed, equipped, fed, and dressed than any other army; but unfortunately the inside is not so good as the outside. The man is not up to his uniform. The new recruits are but a poor lot; they are weakly, and often of indifferent character, and soon show that they hate soldiering, and desert by thousands. A strong sturdy labourer will rub on if he can at home, and if he cannot he will emigrate. But he declines to enlist. Emigration is, on the whole, in Lord CARNARVON'S opinion, a mistake for the labourer. Lord CARNARVON has been Colonial Minister, and he ought to know something of the colonies; and as to specious schemes for enticing Englishmen to foreign countries, he could appeal to the melancholy history of the Brazilian emigrants, whose misfortunes were so inevitable that he had done his utmost to deter the victims from rushing on their fate by giving them a public warning of what they had really to expect. If the labourer has the position secured to him which Lord CARNARVON thinks possible and desirable, he will be well off and happy at home—better off and happier than he is likely to be anywhere else. This may be so; but the prospect, if good for the labourer, is very bad for the re-

cruiting sergeant. If labourers now, with their grievances real and imaginary, refuse to enlist, and prefer to put up with all they have to endure at home, or even to emigrate rather than enlist, it stands to reason that they will have still less taste for soldiering when they have got a nice cottage and a good garden, and are making contracts in an independent way for the work they have to perform. The physical inferiority of English soldiers is therefore likely to increase rather than diminish; and if England wants to have an army capable, so far as its numbers go, of matching a first-rate Continental army, it must do, in Colonel LOYD LINDSAY'S opinion, one of two things—it must either introduce a conscription, or it must go on paying more and more to the soldiers until it can make the stamp of men it requires look on soldiering as a really good investment. If war came, and England suffered a serious defeat, we might possibly be induced to accept some form of conscription as a necessity. But if peace continues, we shall certainly prefer to see what money can do to get us the army we want; and it may be confidently expected that there will be a great increase in the Army Estimates if, after a sufficient time has elapsed to test the experiment of the present system of recruiting, the best authorities concur in pronouncing it a failure.

#### ARBITRATION AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ARBITRATION and kindred topics connected with international law have become, as was natural, an indispensable part of Social Science, which may itself be defined as rhetorical commonplace. It would have been too much to expect that the advocates of arbitration should be satisfied with a week's recent enjoyment of their favourite pastime at Geneva; and, as one of the members reminded his unfortunate Glasgow audience, the Social Science Association had long ago referred the subject to a Committee, a single member of which had consequently written a volume of six hundred pages on international law. This speaker added the gratifying statement that Mr. DUDLEY FIELD'S International Code had been translated for the benefit of those whom it might concern into French and Italian. It is perhaps not surprising that after his labours in the municipal litigation of the City of New York Mr. DUDLEY FIELD should find recreation in the more theoretical study of international law. It seems that his Report concludes by suggesting precision in the terms employed in the great international code. There are to be three great subdivisions of the entire system—"The Law of Nations," "International Law," which might have been supposed to be the same, and "The Municipal Law of Nations," which corresponds to private international law. As municipal law is generally understood to mean the law of single political communities, the confusion incident to social science is happily introduced by applying the term to law which is not municipal. The author of the Report is of course careful to explain that, although international law has neither judicial nor executive organs, it is a reality in the sense in which metaphors have a substantial existence. "The conscience in the individual has its counter-part in the nation." In other words, international law is analogous, not to law, but to conscience, which is but of figuratively legal obligation. In another Section of the Association the subject was discussed by a representative of the Society which has assumed to itself the title of International. The abolition of all classes, as recommended by Mr. BARRY, would perhaps simplify the relations of States which would practically have ceased to exist. The amiable and respectable managers of the Congress may perhaps have begun to suspect that in inviting all men to talk about everything they have played with edged tools. The proposition that "the working classes are the 'masters of the world'" is an alarming result of social science.

Sir EDWARD CREASY had the merit of reducing the theory of arbitration to the absurdity which is its logical consequence. It would appear that Sir EDWARD CREASY is not himself a fanatical believer in the universal operation of the modern nostrum, for he quoted the authority of Mr. DUDLEY FIELD to show that a claim might be made so grossly unjust as not to be a matter for argument or for litigation. It was quite unnecessary to quote a writer whose authority is perhaps not conclusive in proof of a statement which has received the most notorious confirma-

tion from recent experience. No party to an arbitration will ever exceed in cynical audacity the agents of the United States, who demanded from England some hundreds of millions sterling on a transparently fraudulent pretext; but if the submissive deference of the English negotiators at Washington should hereafter be reproduced, it is possible that subservience may again be followed by insult. Sir EDWARD CREASY further showed from Vattel and other jurists that an award might be so unjust as not to be binding, and he has since explained that the issue of injustice would be decided by a supplemental arbitrator; but there would be great inconvenience in refusing to abide by the decision of even a Geneva Tribunal. The defeated litigant must have concurred in the selection of the arbitrators, and he is therefore in some degree responsible for any miscarriage which may result from their incompetence. On the whole, it must be assumed for the purposes of discussion that litigants will not be extravagantly unreasonable, and that Courts of Arbitration will discharge their duty. The question remains, how their sentence is to be enforced against a contumacious defendant. Sir EDWARD CREASY replies that it is the duty and the right of all nations to treat as an enemy any State which grossly outrages international law. With entire consistency he adds the recommendation that the chief Powers should bind themselves by treaty to make war on any State which refused to obey an award, unless indeed it were palpably unjust. Thus, if the Geneva Tribunal had entertained and sanctioned the indirect American claims, it would have been the duty of Russia, Austria, Germany, and France to make war upon England, in case of a refusal to pay to the United States the greater part of the cost of the Civil War. The exception in the case of grossly unjust judgments would constitute the Powers into a Court of Appeal which would have heard neither the arguments nor the evidence in the case. It is at least as probable that two or three great military Powers might adhere to an unjust award as that it should be delivered by a Court which might be assumed to have some regard for its own character.

It is strange that intelligent persons should be so entirely absorbed in the pursuit of theories as to be utterly blind to the preposterous results of their own deductions. The scientific socialists probably listened with undisturbed complacency to the proposal that belligerents should remain at peace while disinterested neutrals made war on their behalf. In 1853 no Court of Arbitration would have decided that Russia had a right to invade Turkey because the Greeks and Latins at Jerusalem, instigated respectively by Russia and France, had engaged in a disreputable squabble about the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. It is still more certain that no Geneva award would have prevented the Russian army from crossing the Pruth when Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. COBDEN had succeeded in convincing the Emperor NICHOLAS that nothing would provoke England to war. It would, on Sir EDWARD CREASY'S theory, have become the duty of Austria and Prussia to send their armies to expel Russia from the Danubian Principalities, while France and England peaceably expected the event. If the neutral Powers had failed to discharge their duty, the theory of coercive arbitration would have exhausted its possibilities. It is certain that at that time Austria and Prussia would not, in compliance with any rule of international law, have undertaken an intervention which they declined when it would have obviously preserved the peace of Europe. Sir EDWARD CREASY, who once wrote a book on the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," is probably aware that not one of them, from Arbela to Waterloo, could have been prevented by any possible system of arbitration. In a few cases of doubtful right, when two unwilling parties engage in a quarrel, there has never been any difficulty in arranging a reference to arbitration. No prudent Government would invite the authority of an international tribunal if it were understood that ambitious bystanders might claim a right to enforce by arms an award which perhaps might be flagrantly unjust or ruinously inadmissible.

To religious wars, to wars of conquest or of revenge, and to civil wars, the theory and practice of arbitration are utterly inapplicable; and it seems to be admitted that when war has once begun, arbitrators have nothing to do with the conditions of peace. During a period of fundamental disturbance, such as the years which followed the French Revolution, and during the active lifetime of NAPOLEON,



the system of arbitration would have been necessarily suspended. It is absurd to suppose that in 1866 either Austria or Prussia would have accepted the arbitration of any Court on their rival claims to exercise supremacy in the German Confederation. Great wars are for the most part undertaken for the purpose, not of determining, but of altering, existing rights. It may be assumed that arbitrators would be bound by the terms of any treaty previously concluded between the litigants with reference to the subject of dispute. If France were to threaten Germany with war as the alternative of restoring Alsace and Metz, neither party would entertain any doubt that the provinces were formally transferred by the Treaty of Peace of 1871. The arguments on either side might be founded on considerations of expediency or moral right, and they would assuredly lie outside Mr. DUDLEY FIELD'S International Code. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the new code includes a definition of the cases in which a foreign Power has a right to aid either party in a civil war. If a German contingent were to join the army of SERRANO, the approval of a Court of Arbitration would have little tendency to allay the jealousy of France. The French expedition to Mexico was, as the result proved, in the highest degree impolitic, but the Government of the United States insisted on the withdrawal of the auxiliary troops, not because their presence was a violation of international law, but because it was distasteful to a neighbouring Power which had the means of enforcing its own policy. The dreary disquisitions on arbitration which recur whenever social science supersedes for the time more instructive and more amusing studies are at present conducted under peculiar difficulties. The Geneva litigation has, through the perversity of one of the disputants and the eccentricity of the tribunal, illustrated almost exclusively the vices of the system. In England the whole theory is for the present unpalatable; and no other considerable State has taken the subject into serious consideration.

#### THE FLIGHT OF THE IRISH CLERGY.

THE man who described Ireland as the pleasantest country in the world to live out of seems to have been taken for their prophet by a good many of the disestablished Irish clergy. To precisely how many this applies it is not easy to say. The "Layman" whose letter appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday says that over seven hundred curates were ordained in the few months of grace allowed by the Irish Church Act, and that all these at once took advantage of the permission to compound, and have since come over to England to seek their fortunes. As this same permission was extended to the whole clerical body, it may be supposed that older men who had more to gain by the process did not always forego it. "Another Irish Layman," whose letter was printed on Thursday, thinks that the extent of the migration has been much exaggerated, and he seems to show that the 700 ordinations alleged to have taken place in 1870 must be reduced to about 120. But he does not deny the most startling of the statements contained in the first letter. We there read that in order to obtain the right of compounding "many youths of 21 and 22 were ordained by special licence." "Another Irish Layman" says, by way of correction, that "not more than 30 or 40 were so ordained in all Ireland," and that "it was always done legally." Certainly we did not suppose that the faculty required by the rubric was not obtained in these cases. The wonder is that any one should have been found to grant it. Knowingly to ordain a man under age for the sole object of giving him a claim to the capitalized value of a curacy would be a fraud upon the Church, whose minister he never meant to be, and upon the State, which had never intended to recognize so visionary a vested interest. If the Irish Bishops wish to preserve the good opinion of Englishmen, they will have to explain their part in this amazing transaction. More than one of them must have had a hand in it, for it is not probable that the whole thirty or forty unfledged parsons were taken from a single diocese. Experience has not led us to look for a very exalted standard of ecclesiastical propriety in the Irish clergy, but such a misuse of episcopal power would go beyond all that could have been anticipated.

Putting aside this especial incident, there is not much in the migration which seems to call for either surprise

or censure. When the clergy who have left Ireland for England are viewed in the aggregate, it may appear shocking that they should have had so little love for the Church in which, down to its disestablishment, they had purposed to live and die. But each of them had to decide in his own case and for his own circumstances, and, when looked at in this isolated way, it is easy to imagine plausible excuses for the step. It is not denied that the staff of clergy in the Established Church of Ireland was larger than the Disestablished Church could afford to support, and that many parishes in which, so long as the connexion with the State was maintained, it was necessary for form's sake to keep a clergyman without a congregation, must in future dispense with so purely ornamental an officer. Once admit that the number of clergy had to be considerably reduced, and each man who wished to leave would naturally think that he might as well go as another. A Church the machinery of which had been framed on a scale sufficient to cover the whole country had been compelled to recognize her true position as the Church of an unequally distributed minority. Would it not be better for her that the clergy required to serve the diminished area should be chosen from those who wished to take office under these changed conditions without reference to the particular circumstances of their benefices? Perhaps indeed it is giving some of the emigrants too much credit to assume that they thought about the interests of the Church at all. But, if so, it would be hard to say that the Irish Church has any one but herself to blame. The secular side of her position had been so exclusively kept before the world that it is not strange if her ministers appreciated the change which their own secular position had undergone more keenly than any professed identity in their ecclesiastical position. There has never been much in the spiritual aspect of the Irish Church to excite enthusiasm. She made few converts from Roman Catholicism, and the few she did make were of a kind, and obtained by means, which her more prudent members preferred to keep in the background. The sense of belonging to a clergy professing to minister to a people the great majority of which would have nothing to say to them, and contentedly acquiescing in their position, was not so ennobling that a man would care to give up an annuity in order to retain it.

Even if the past history of the Irish Church had been calculated to encourage self-devotion in the clergy, her action since disestablishment would have effectually quenched it. It was pointed out at the time that if "compounding and cutting" were to be avoided, the efforts of the Church must first of all be directed to remaining the same body that she was before. Instead of this, the object of successive Synods has apparently been to destroy her identity as fast as possible. The time seems to be coming when the Irish Church will have nothing left to do but to cry, with the old woman in the nursery rhyme, "Sure enough, and sure enough, this be none of I." Not even the little dog at home will know her. In so far as an Irish Clergyman foresaw and disliked this metamorphosis he had a perfect right to leave. His position in the Church had been seriously altered by disestablishment. He had no longer the safeguards afforded by the immobility of Parliament in ecclesiastical matters. Instead of the slow processes of courts of law, he had to look forward to the swift action of an ecclesiastical assembly armed with full powers to reconcile conflicting and to override unpopular decisions. He had not even the protection which in a similar case he would have had in England, the protection of equally balanced parties. In Ireland the party which wishes to revise the Prayer Book far outnumbers its adversaries among the laity, while among the clergy the opposition is too much a matter of prudence and traditional feeling long to resist the will of those on whose liberality the pecuniary future of the Church largely depends. An Irish Clergyman whose letter appeared in the *Times* of Thursday describes this state of things very accurately. He says that on the question of revision the clergy and the laity are opposed, but that, as the election to all vacant parishes will be in the hands of the laity, the clergy can expect very little promotion except on terms of servile obedience to those who appoint them. With this power in their hands the laity will not be long in bringing the other two orders to do their bidding. The majority against change will grow smaller every year, until at last the less resolute of those who dislike it will argue that it is no good waiting until a few

more revisionists have been elected to parishes, and that the inevitable surrender may as well be made at once. There is certainly the best possible ground for that "vague dread of the future" which has led "L.L.B.," and, he feels sure, "will yet lead very many more, to leave Ireland for England."

This migration of the Irish clergy is not without its bearing on the state of affairs in the Church of England. We have said that five years ago the Irish clergy found that they had exchanged the immobility of Parliament for the swift action of an ecclesiastical assembly. The experience of last year raises a doubt whether Parliament itself is not about to exchange its immobility for a more than ecclesiastical promptness. If the same temper is to dominate in the coming debates upon Church matters which was conspicuous in the House of Commons during the progress of the Public Worship Bill, it will soon be as difficult in England as it is in Ireland for a clergyman to say of what sort of Church he will find himself a minister a year hence. We are already promised a strict, if a one-sided, enforcement of the rubrics, and the operation of the Act has been significantly postponed in order to give Convocation an opportunity of doing a little revision in the meantime. Probably, the common sense of Englishmen will not long endure the anomaly of allowing a clergyman to declare his belief in words from the pulpit, while forbidding him to express it in gestures when he has left the pulpit. In that case the assurance given last Session that sins of doctrine shall hereafter be put on a level with sins of ceremonial will shortly be made good, and in the Long Vacation after next, at latest, Convocation will be considering how to use another day of grace so as to make sermons as well as ritual square with the views of the House of Commons. Before that day comes we may be sure that a large number of clergy will wish to "cut," and will regret that they have not the chance of compounding as well as cutting. It will become the plain interest of an active section of the Church to have the exodus which they will see to be imminent soothed like that of the Hebrews by a series of perpetual loans. Of course this consideration is not one which will have any weight with men who supported the Public Worship Act from motives of duty. But it is possible that among those who voted for it there were some who did so merely to restrain a movement which they thought likely to shorten the days of Church Establishments. They may now see in Ireland what comes of attempts to narrow the boundaries within which the clergy have hitherto been confined.

#### TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

IT is pretty generally recognized that few ties in life are more trying than that which unites a couple of travelling companions. It is probably from a perception of this fact that the modern practice of wedding tours has become so common. As a gun is tried by firing a charge greater than will ever be used in practice, so the strength of the marriage bond is at once subjected to the most trying combination of circumstances attainable. It is creditable to the strength of the domestic affections that so many couples return upon decently good terms, and are even known to look back upon the ordeal with feelings akin to regret. When, however, the bond is not of so intimate a nature, the number of failures bears a large proportion to the successes. Men are to be found who will declare that they have laid the foundation of permanent friendships in such temporary companionship. In some cases the statement may be accurate, though memory is apt to play queer tricks in such matters. Two men will come home from a trip barely on speaking terms, and a year afterwards each of them will be persuaded that his companion was perfect but for some trifling defect of temper, and they will be ready to renew their old alliance. A few days' separation obliterates all traces of the silly little grievances which were so serious at the time; and it may well be that the friendship which was temporarily endangered is permanently strengthened by the net result. The philosophical observer should therefore endeavour to make a note of his impressions on the spot in order that he may avoid such illusions. The study both of oneself and one's neighbours under such conditions is amusing and profitable. The principle is of course simple enough. The smallest pebble in your shoe may become extremely vexatious in a day's walk, and may at the time give far more annoyance than is compensated by the grandeur of the scenery. You will, however, remember the scenery and forget the pebble. In the same way, any little angularity in your friends or yourself may produce a petty irritation which very shame forces you to ignore when its cause is removed. You may be travelling, for example, with your dearest friend, a man who shares your opinions, who has been your guide in speculation and practice, who has stood by you in difficulties, comforted

you in sorrow, and even, it may be, lent you money in distress. Unluckily, he has some little trick of manner or language which you never noticed at home. He keeps some pet phrase which is always recurring in season and out of season; there is something about his manner of eating which strikes you as not perfectly delicate; he has a trick of echoing the last words of your sentences; and after a time the recurrence of the objectionable peculiarity vexes you like the sting of an insect. You feel that he has cancelled for the time all claims upon your gratitude. Orestes and Pylades may be patterns of friendship; but if in a walking tour Orestes should introduce into every other sentence the phrase "Don't you know?" Pylades would be ready to cut his throat or drop his acquaintance in a month. Benvolio, as Mercutio informs us, quarrelled with a friend for cracking nuts when he had hazel eyes; and the cause was perfectly adequate if they were fellow-travellers. A habit of cracking nuts might easily become an intolerable grievance. The sound is in itself annoying; and if Benvolio had weak teeth, his friend's performance would become a kind of constructive insult. The special offensiveness of such peculiarities is that civility forbids you to mention them, and that you feel that your friend is absolutely unconscious of the annoyance he is giving. You have not, therefore, even the satisfaction of feeling that you have a right to discharge your vexation in the shape of resentment.

There are, of course, many pachydermatous persons to whom such grievances are unintelligible, but even the most stolid of mankind becomes sufficiently sensitive to other forms of annoyance. It is amusing to watch the proceedings of a party of three or four travellers who have been together for some two or three weeks. They sit down for an after-dinner chat, apparently on the most friendly terms. Presently one of them makes a seemingly harmless remark about the weather or the country. The bystander, though he is not in the secret, immediately perceives that the statement has some hidden application. A kind of thrill runs through the companions of the speaker; each man is, so to speak, standing to his arms and preparing for a general action; the signal gun has been fired, though we do not as yet know what may be the precise issue involved. The speaker, it is probable, is introducing some crotchet of his own which has become a recognized battle-ground. The question has been argued a dozen times already, and each combatant knows everything that each of the others has to say upon the subject. Perhaps, however, the introducer of the topic has thought in the course of the day of some clever logical manoeuvre which will give him his revenge for former defeats; or perhaps he sees a possible ally in his new audience. In the last case, it will be wise to preserve a strict neutrality and allow the struggle to run its natural course. The stolid man plods steadily on with his old offensive thesis; his argumentative friend takes up the challenge at once, and cuts in with a vigorous confutation; and the nervous and reserved man, after trying for some time to preserve a judicious silence, suddenly takes fire, and, dashing into the thick of the fight, becomes more noisy and irritating than all the rest of the party. And so the controversy rages till bed-time, and the endless debate as to the merits of two rival inns or the comparative merits of the high-road and a short cut is once more adjourned, to be resumed on the first convenient opportunity. In after years the combatants will look back with genuine fondness to the delightful conversations which used to take place over a quiet evening pipe when the day's work was finished. To the impartial spectator at the moment nothing is obvious except red faces, strained voices, and a general disposition in the disputants to look out for the most irritating and irrelevant topics. A different phenomenon is indeed equally common. We may frequently observe a party which has not even the spirit to get up discussions. It has been formed on the principle that people who are familiar at home are likely to make the best companions abroad. Two or three men join for a walking tour who have been sitting opposite each other every day for the last ten months at a college table, or obeying the voice of the same Whip during a Parliamentary Session, or sitting in the same Courts, and attending the same mess. They are too familiar, and too tired of each other, to care for an argument. One of two things generally happens to such combinations. Either the companions sit gloomily staring at each other in profound silence, making desperate efforts to blow into a flame some feeble spark of conversation about the wine list or the railway time-table; or, if more sociably disposed, they once more chew the cud of the old "shop" which they talk during the rest of the year. A couple of friends may be seen resting during the ascent of a mountain, and settling who is to have the next silk gown, or affecting to look at a picture gallery whilst really demonstrating to each other how a slight change in the terms of a motion might have altered the fate of a Ministry. It is a delicate question whether absolute silence or a recurrence to the very topics from which you want to clear your brain is the most painful indication of weariness. In either case, though such persons are probably peaceable in their external demeanour, it is not to be too hastily inferred that they do not heartily bore each other. There are certain eternal subjects for mutual irritation which inevitably present themselves. As in the smallest State there are Conservatives and Radicals, so in every travelling party there is the great distinction between the punctual and the dilatory. If only two men are travelling together, it is practically certain that one of them will be thrown into a fever of impatience if he is not at a station half an hour before the time fixed for the train; whilst the other, if not systematically late, will perhaps annoy his companion more effectually by always



contriving to be in time at the very last moment. One again will be seriously vexed if an extra half-franc has been given to waiters; and another will declare that no economical measure is worth the inconvenience which it causes. One man has an insane desire to see the sun rise on all possible occasions, and the other is sensibly resolved to lie in bed until extracted by something like physical compulsion. It is an open question whether these differences are produced by the fact that every one is disposed to select for his companion some one of contrasted qualities, or whether they are developed by a natural process of differentiation. A man, for example, becomes less punctual as he finds that he can depend upon his companion, and his growing irregularities make his companion more nervous than before. In any case they provide material for the constant bickerings which amuse the cynical observer. It is pleasant—though we do not say that the pleasure is precisely moral—to watch the yellow faces and dishevelled condition of persons landing from a rough sea passage; and such malignant satisfaction would be considerably heightened if one could see how heartily the companions who have spent some six weeks together welcome the period of their deliverance, so that their delight at being rid of each other often sheds a factitious glow of cordiality over the parting.

The moral drawn from such observations by some experienced persons is that a traveller should always go alone. We cannot, however, quite accept the conclusion. A man may become quite as great a bore to himself as anybody else can be to him. He may have the happy faculty of striking up temporary acquaintanceship with chance companions; but, to say nothing of the very unattractive nature of many of the companions thus forced upon one, it is really easier for the member of a party than for a solitary traveller to make friends. If three complete strangers are brought together, it is generally a difficult task for them to discover what may be their common subjects of interest. If two are companions, they can at any rate start some discussion which may give an opportunity to the third to join in the conversation. The fusion of a society is more quickly effected when some of the constituent atoms have already entered into combination. And, therefore, in spite of all the petty vexations which one must expect to suffer from one's best friends, we hold that on the whole it is wiser to take a companion or two. It is true that we shall find out each other's weak points; that, unless we are of angelic temper, we shall establish certain mutual raws; and that we shall very likely be more quarrelsome on the last day of the journey than on the first. But we have always the satisfaction of remembering that nothing is easier than to drop a friend when we are at home again; and that probably the extreme absurdity of our causes of quarrel will appear in a humorous light after a brief period of absence, and that we shall then feel that, if fellowship in travelling produces some temporary irritation, it also strengthens some permanent bonds of union.

#### THE GOTH.

THE mind which occupies itself at once with things present and with things past is liable to be now and then a little startled by sudden transitions from one to the other. Every one has heard the saying, not a particularly wise saying, that there was more to be learned from one number of the *Times* than from all the works of Thucydides. But what would have been the judgment of him who uttered that saying if he had been called on to compare a number of the *Times* with all the works of Procopius? The comparison would at least be more to the purpose, in so far as to talk of all the works of Procopius, of whom we have several distinct works extant, is less absurd on the face of it than to talk of all the works of Thucydides. We will not undertake to weigh a number of the *Times*, especially at this time of the year, against the Gothic, Vandal, and Persian Wars, the Buildings, and, in some eyes the most precious of all, the Anecdotes. But thus much is certain, that any one who turns suddenly from the reading of Procopius to the reading of his daily number of the *Times* is liable to be a little startled. He is indeed liable to be even more startled than he who turns to the *Times* from his reading of Herodotus or Thucydides, unless indeed that number of the *Times* happens to contain a speech by Mr. Lowe. We are not drawing on the imagination; we are recording the experience of one, perhaps of a small class, who thinks that his study of the affairs of the nineteenth century need not shut out all regard to the affairs of the sixth, and who deems that a study of the history and topography of Rome is imperfect without some knowledge of one of the most striking events even in the long history of Rome herself—the mighty siege of Vitiges, the mighty defence of Belisarius. Our sympathies are divided as we read the tale. Our hearts cannot fail to be drawn to the camp of that heroic race in whom we rejoice to hail men whom it is hardly an exaggeration to call men of our own blood and speech. We feel with men striving to guard the realm of Theodoric, the realm of him under whom Rome was happy, from a boasted deliverer who came to give her peace and freedom, such peace and freedom as were to be had when she had exchanged a Gothic King for a Byzantine Exarch. And yet our hearts cannot fail to be drawn too within the walls of the beleaguered city; we are dazzled by the still abiding fascination of the Roman name, a name to which strangeness and incongruity seem only to give a new kind of fascination, when the Old Rome is won back to the allegiance of the New, when Caesar Augustus sits

enthroned not by the Tiber, but by the Bosphorus, when he is no more the long-descended offspring of Venus and Anchises, but a barbarian adventurer from the banks of the Danube, sent by a strange mission to restore the dominion and to codify the law of the ancient Emperors and Consuls. The magic of the Roman name has not the less influence when the Roman host is made up of hirelings of every race and every speech, save only the race and speech of the Seven Hills themselves. And if our sympathies of kindred lead us into the camp of the besiegers, our personal sympathies lead us even more strongly to the palace on the Pincian Hill which was the dwelling-place of Rome's defender. If we hold with Aristotle that the greatest general is not he who positively does the greatest exploits, but he who can do the greatest exploits with a given army, we must place Belisarius above Alexander and Caesar, above Hannibal himself. If Belisarius had won an empire for himself instead of winning back an empire for an ungrateful master, he might perhaps have held a higher place than he does on the tongues of men. Like so many other great men, he has been the victim of a legend; the tale of the blind beggar has done something to overshadow the fame of the conqueror and defender of Rome. It was a strife between a man and a nation; as once Hannibal stood against Rome, so now Belisarius stood against the Goths. The slave of Theodora and Antonina can hardly claim a place among the greatest of men; but the embodiment of every military virtue in its highest form, the dauntless courage, the ready-witted skill, the ever-watchful care, the unshaken loyalty proof against all temptation and all ingratitude, the general humanity and kindness, which are united in the character of Belisarius, all join to place him at the very head of his own craft, at the head of men who are great as generals, but hardly great in any other character. We feel perhaps a kind of regret, a kind of sense of unfitness, that qualities so noble should have been thrown away on the service of a name or a phantom. But we cannot keep back our sympathy; if we do not rejoice, we at least admire, as the calm courage of the hero, at the head of a motley handful of mercenaries, baffles all the efforts of a nation, and that a nation of our own blood.

In the second stage of the war the personal interest is felt as keenly on the Gothic as on the Roman side. Totilas was in every way a worthy adversary for Belisarius himself. But the two heroes were never in the same way directly matched with one another. At least they are not directly matched in arms; in another way they are more truly matched when Totilas spares Rome in answer, not to the prayers, but to the reasoning, of Belisarius. Two such men clearly understood one another. The King of the Goths, and the man who, but for his own unswerving loyalty, might have been King of the Goths instead of him, stand out among those men who make us proud of our species. Yet both belong to classes of men which have passed into proverbs of contempt. What after all was Belisarius, in spite of his Slavonic birth and his Roman consulship, but a Greek of the Lower Empire? What was Totilas, what was Theodoric himself, but a mere Goth? When we have formed our notions of a Goth from Procopius and Cassiodorus, it certainly is a little startling to see what kind of idea seems in the columns of the more modern oracle to attach to a name which we are beginning to learn to reverence. If anybody has been destroying the monuments of Delhi or any other place, whether with hammers and chisels or plaster of Paris, or in any other way, let him by all means be called some bad name. Only what is a bad name? When we look at the ruins of Rome, when we learn their history, when we read the edicts by which the Goth Theodoric strove to keep the Romans from destroying their own antiquities, we might think of calling such a one a Roman; we should never think of calling him a Goth. We might be inclined to put him in the same class as a Roman baron, as a Pope or a Pope's nephew; we should not dream of putting him in the same class with the King who spared the buildings of Rome and with the King who restored them. In this matter of destroying and preserving monuments, we may be tempted to think, with Liutprand, that Roman is the very worst name that one can call a man, and assuredly Goth is the very best. For a man with these thoughts in his mind it was something of a shock a little while ago to take up a copy of the *Times* in which there was a letter, written in the very stateliest style in which a letter could be written, in which the correspondent, who signed himself "J. S. Laurie," complained that damage was being done to certain ancient buildings in India by the process of taking casts. If the facts be so, nothing can be more reasonable than the complaint, if it had only been put in reasonable language. But some people would think themselves degraded for ever if they stooped to say anything in reasonable language. They must talk in the grand style, they must bring in some allusion, some metaphor, some roundabout way of saying everything, or their character for fine writing would be lost for ever. So Mr. Laurie, after expressing his astonishment, the most reasonable astonishment, at finding things of this kind done at all, goes on to say:—

My astonishment was not abated by the information that these iconoclasms had been perpetrated neither by fanatic Hindoos on the one hand, nor by Mussulmans on the other, but by a Goth of the latest advanced type, acting under Imperial sanction.

All Mr. Laurie's metaphors seem to keep in the Byzantine line. His first figure about the iconoclasms calls up visions of Leo the Isaurian and Constantine Copronymos, and between them and the persons complained of there is that degree of likeness which is found among all people who destroy anything. But when we come to the "Goth of the latest advanced type, acting under Imperial

sanction," we are puzzled indeed. What is a Goth? what is Imperial sanction? what is a Goth of the latest advanced type? how is one Goth more advanced than another? We have heard of people who were "Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores"; were there others who were "Gothis ipsis Gothiores"? The "Goth acting under Imperial sanction" sounds odd to one who has chiefly been dealing with Goths as opponents of the Imperial armies. Yet it is not to be denied that among the endless varieties of peoples, nations, and languages in the camps of Belisarius and Narses, one or two officers of some mark might have been found who really did answer to the description of Goths acting under Imperial sanction. But whether they were Goths of the latest advanced type, or what should have led Mr. Laurie so far out of his way in search of a metaphor, is wholly beyond our power of guessing.

The simple truth of course is that Mr. Laurie did not mean anything in particular, and was not thinking about Goths or anything else, but merely wanted to tell a story which would have been quite to the purpose if he had only chosen to tell it in a simple way. "Iconoclasm" and "Imperial sanction" are of course simply tall talk, a grand roundabout way of saying what might have been said straightforwardly. But the dragging in of the Goths is worth noticing. It shows that one of the most absurd errors, or rather superstitions, that ever grew up is still in force. Not many days before Mr. Laurie wrote, somebody calling himself "A Holiday Correspondent" wrote to describe the people of the neighbouring country going into Baden-Baden or some other of the German watering-places. He could not help calling it the "entry of the Goths into Rome." This of course was mere nonsense, and had no meaning at all, except to show that the "Holiday Correspondent" had heard of Rome and of Goths. Still even this shows the vulgar notion of Goths being a kind of people about whom it is safe to say anything. Mr. Laurie's talk goes a step further. If he thinks at all, he thinks that Goths were a kind of people who were in the habit of destroying ancient buildings, statues, and the like. We believe that there really are people who seriously believe this. The simple fact is that the Romans themselves destroyed the monuments of their own city, and when they began to be ashamed of so doing, they laid the blame on the innocent Goths. How deep a hold this monstrous invention took on the popular mind in Italy is shown by a good many curious stories which will be found in the latter part of Gregorovius's *Geschichte der Stadt Rom*. In sober history it would be hard to find that any Goth ever wilfully defaced anything from one end of Italy to the other. Alaric destroyed nothing, whatever his troops may have taken away in the way of plunder. Theodoric strove to keep the Romans from destroying their own monuments. If Totilas, for military reasons, broke down part of the walls of Rome, he is hardly to be blamed for that; and the soldiers of Witiges are hardly to be called destroyers because the soldiers of Belisarius threw down the statues from the tomb of Hadrian on their heads.

Every one will easily be able to call up instances of this common, but not the less strange, fashion of using the word Goth, sometimes as equivalent to destroyer, sometimes as a vague term of contempt, without any particular meaning. There are one or two odd cases in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and the *Spectator* is full of them. Still we can pardon Addison for describing Sir Roger among the tombs at Westminster as looking "like the figure of a Gothic king." Yet, if the figure of Sir Roger had been more like the figure of Ataulf, the widow might perhaps have been more ready to play the part of Placidia.

After all, the most curious application of the Gothic name is the architectural one. People who know nothing about architecture, and nothing about Goths, call mediæval architecture Gothic in sheer contempt. Then, just as great parties themselves took up the contemptuous nicknames of Whig and Tory, votaries of mediæval architecture took up the name and defended it, not as having anything to do with the national Goths, but in the general sense of Teutonic or mediæval. Gothic architecture, in short, was something like Mrs. Radcliffe's "Gothic stories." And the name, inaccurate as it is, is certainly convenient to oppose to Romanesque. But it is to be remembered that some people seem seriously to have thought that Gothic architecture was invented by the Goths. There is an edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which says that "Gothic architecture was a manner of building introduced by the Goths, when they had altogether overrun the Roman Empire," and added that, "the Goths being totally destitute of genius, neither architecture nor any other art could be improved by them." And we have seen this strange passage copied in a book published within the last thirty years. But it is at Ravenna that we most feel the lack of some other nomenclature. The one spot in the world where there is Gothic architecture in the historical sense is just the spot where there is none of the least moment in the conventional sense.

It may be that in the next session of Parliament Sir John Lubbock, walking in the steps of Theodoric, will again give us an Ancient Monuments Bill. If so, we shall gladly hail him as a Goth of the latest advanced type, and shall wish him all success against Mr. Bentinck and all such Roman and Popish-minded persons as rejoice in the right of destruction. Their models are the Barberini: we prefer the Barbari.

#### THE FURNESS DISTRICT.

NORTH-WEST Lancashire has no historical title to celebrity. No event of even third-rate importance in English history had this part of the country for its scene. We must be understood to be speaking now, not of what is known to the House of Commons as North-West Lancashire, but of the part roughly bounded by Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the sea, or Morecambe Bay, its offset. This reminds us that the sea in this particular region has encroached much and is fast encroaching further. It is, in short, eating up the land, and has, within recent memory, eaten out a large hole in it. So that there is a "missing link" of the county, owing to a portion having been swept away; and the traveller in passing from one part of Lancashire to another at high water must pass either across the sea or through Westmoreland. The names of "New Grange" and "Old Grange" betoken places which at no distant date were doubtless the sites of farmhouses, but which now lie far out in the bay, probably from two to four miles from the shore-line, as laid down in the map, on the Lancaster side. On the further side the church and rectory of Aldingham stand now on the sea edge, although persons of no more than middle age remember a homestead with cottages, fields, and a road now wholly swept away, and whose site is covered by the sands or swept by the waves. The Crown is proprietor of a considerable tract of land in these parts, which must have been largely wasted, and is still wasting, by the advances of the sea. The case seems a critical one, as the low cliff is mostly of soft earth with no power of resistance; and some such defence as may be observed at Ramsgate and other places on the East and South coasts seems called for, where the soft chalk is strengthened below by a face of solid masonry to keep the waves from undermining it. The name "Bardsea," the next parish to Aldingham on the north-east, favours the same notion, having doubtless been Bard's Eye, and pointing thus to some island which would seem to have been wholly obliterated by the inroads of the tide. There is a project of a loop railway to ease the pressure of the iron traffic on the Furness line, to be thrown round the coast of the little peninsula of Furness, on the edge of which the two last-named places stand, and to run on the flat of the beach somewhere below high-water mark. This, if solidly built, may possibly act as a breakwater no less than as a means of locomotion; but we believe the first pile has not yet been driven, nor the first spadeful of sand yet turned, with a view to this work.

The peninsula of Furness has a fertility and productiveness in agriculture and in metals far above the average of England, and a race of inhabitants remarkable even in Lancashire, *felix prole virum* as she is. The Norman Benedictines from Savigny, who in King Stephen's time crossed five-sixths of England before they fixed on the sequestered valley in Furness known characteristically as the "Vale of the Deadly Nightshade," from the abundance of that plant in those parts, found the result of their wanderings quite worth the labours of the way. They must have met an almost unadulterated Norse population. We find *-by* and *-thwaite* and *-beck* in the local nomenclature, while the Norse connexion of the Isle of Man lying only a few hours' run from Barrow, is shown by its Bishops of "Sodor and Man" being dependent on the Archbishop of Trondhjem in Norway; "Sodor" being "Sudreyjar or Southern Islands"—i.e. the Hebrides from a Norse standpoint, according to the learned historian of "Words and Places." The aspect of the race of men who people these regions shows the somewhat harsh and hardy character of the Norseman, mellowed by a more genial, and diluted by a more watery, climate. In Barrow, the chief centre of the iron trade of the region, there has been a great admixture of men from many sources, especially Wales and Cornwall, as furnishing miners ready made, and from Ireland, a near and ready nursery of all hands for profitable labour. It is in the more purely agricultural villages that the physical type is, naturally, best preserved; nor is there, we believe, any equal area of rural England which could surpass or probably equal it. The commercial importance of this district dates from not above ten years ago. It is still possible that an immensely larger development may take place. The discovery of hematite iron ore may be said to have laid the foundations of the fortune of the region in question; the discovery of a workable coal-mine in the same vicinity would crown that good fortune. Earnest attempts to discover coal at Rampside, an outlying seaside hamlet of Barrow, have been kept up by some ardent fortune-hunters for some years past, but without any pronounced success. They seem disposed still to persevere, in spite of over seventeen hundred feet having been bored through fruitlessly. The borer is a hollow jointed steel tube, and is armed at the boring extremity with an "iron crown" set with "black diamonds," by the abrasion caused by which, as it revolves three or four hundred times in a minute, more than a hundred feet of sandstone at a depth of over eleven hundred feet from the surface was pierced in a week. Borings either by this or some other less highly scientific agency, sometimes for coal, but more frequently for iron ore, are common all over the Furness country. The traveller by the least frequented roads will find one of these "hods," as the upperwork of the shaft is called by the country people, cropping out in the half-cleared thickets of some coppice, or by a solitary hill-side tarn, or amidst the rich verdure of some meadow bottom, unbroken perhaps before since its first vegetable crust was formed upon it. He finds air and earth throbbing with an uneasy hum as he approaches the machine; when nearer he finds this broken by the clatter as of wheel and ratchet, accompanied by a tearing noise as of a plane. The effect



on a horse's nerves of an iron monster planted hard by the road, spitting out fire and smoke at a level a little above his eyes, with the further aggravation of the noise aforesaid, is more severe than that of a locomotive approached at a level crossing, and the best broken horses, accustomed to the proximity of railways, have been known to refuse to pass the road thus beset, and to fairly turn tail and bolt. The richer hematite veins are commonly found in the mountain limestone, the outcrop of which encircles the older slates and "Silurians" of the Cumbrian group. The tourist recognizes the peculiar industry of this region most notably in the groups of miners, red all over to the very whites of their eyes, whom he encounters along the roads. The coast villages pursue a somewhat precarious pursuit of fishing and "cockling," for which Barrow and Liverpool, with their large populations within easy distance by rail, afford suitable markets, while the rich soil of the neighbourhood makes the homesteads teem with all the produce of agricultural labour. As the stepping-stone to the lake and mountain region from Windermere to Keswick, this part of the county, by a slight *détour* westward, lies within easy reach of visitors, and seldom are so many objects of interest on the side both of the picturesque and of the useful found within so narrow a radius.

The usual reflections awakened by a ruined abbey are heightened when it stands amidst the throng of busy industry which in modern day has assembled on the very same scene. Mines, borings, and blast-furnaces spit their jets of flame and steam and smoke within half-an-hour's walk on probably all sides of what was once the Abbey of St. Mary in Furness, and on some sides within much less. The railway cuts clean through the still beautiful valley 'yelept "of Deadly Nightshade," sprigs of which plant, by the way, appear on the seal formerly borne by the abbots as part of their usual cognizance. The station is situated almost within the ruins, and the hotel adjacent has a mass of antique buildings, being part of the monastic remains, lying between it and its stables. This makes the chances strongly against the possibility of a solitary visit, except perhaps at midwinter. At Tintern a visit to the Abbey may often be paid without finding another person save the guide to break the silence; but at Furness the inevitable fellow-creature may probably take the form of a miner out on "spree," unless the contempt for any object which one can see without paying should make the Abbey seem unworthy of such an important person's notice.

It may not improbably come to pass that the valley and hills round about it may be honeycombed by mining agency, and that a population may gather along the line of railway, and especially about the station of Furness Abbey, which may demand church accommodation on a scale at present unknown in those parts. The question will then occur, Why not rebuild the abbey church for parochial worship? It would be the noblest and fittest shrine for the devotions of the neighbourhood which its wealth and beneficent piety once nurtured, and amidst which it has now stood desolate for nearly three centuries and a half. The plan is of course noble and spacious—when was a Cistercian church not so?—but simple withal and practical. It is just a cruciform church with a large chancel arch. There appear to have been two pulpits, one for the transept and choir looking south-eastward, the other for the nave, less precisely determinable. The sedilia, with beautifully rich tabernacle work in the decorated style, are nearly perfect still. The tombs of ancient abbots with richly floriated crosses, and one of a mutilated crusading knight, are still entire along the broken floor of the chancel, the names of several being more or less distinctly legible to the educated eye. The vast width of the windows east and west would give a grand transparency and lightness to the restored church, while there would still remain enough of ruin in the other monastic buildings adjacent to envelop the whole in a venerable halo of antiquity. The few hundred thousand pounds of expense would probably not be felt by the noble owner, nor grudged, if there was a real demand for a useful and pious work. Dalton, about a mile away, is a rather quaint little town on the slope of a hill, on which stands the castle closely connected with the Furness monastery. There is, by the way, another castle more purely of the past, at Gleaston, a village in the Barrow neighbourhood. This of Dalton has mostly disappeared, and what is left is masked on one side by a rubbishy modern *façade*. A third castle stands well out at sea on Peel Island—lately insulated, no doubt, by the onward sweep of the waves.

Since the Norse keels hovered in the offing, perhaps in the tenth century, no invader has ever come this way. The Cumbrian mountains were a tolerable bulwark against forays of the Scots. The region is happy in having "no history." It seems to have been just skipped by all the affairs of moment in all ages. The landing of Mary Stuart and the southward march of Charles Edward came nearest to it, but yet missed it. It has slept in the silence of all the centuries. It now forms one of the busiest and most interesting parts of England.

#### ULTRAMONTANISM AND SCIENCE.

THE *Times* has been enlivening its readers at this dull season with a controversy about the teaching of science at the Roman Catholic University of Kensington. "Cantab," "M.A.," and other Protestant writers have been essaying to prove from history that science cannot be freely taught under Roman Catholic auspices, and the Professors of the new institution have been doing

their best to answer them. Whether we are to infer from an angry insinuation in last week's *Tablet*, to the effect that some Catholics "whisper unworthy things" of Mgr. Capel's nascent academy, that there is some division among Catholics themselves on the matter, it is not for us to say. The relation of science to Catholicism, or rather to the Papacy—for it is on Papal infallibility that the whole controversy really hinges—is however a question of some interest. And, without committing ourselves to the side of either party in the recent correspondence, we purpose to say a few words upon it. In the first place, then, we may frankly admit that some of these assailants of "Roman Catholic liberty of judgment" have shown more zeal than discretion or knowledge in their method of attack. The alleged case of Virgilius and his view of the antipodes, for instance, is for several reasons nothing whatever to the point. It is far from clear exactly what Virgilius taught, and Neander thinks that the Pope's provisional censure, based entirely on a hostile report sent by Boniface, arose from the notion that his teaching involved a denial of the whole human race being sprung from Adam, and consequently included in the guilt of original sin. At all events, after summoning the accused to Rome for further examination, Pope Zachary saw reason to alter his opinion, for Virgilius, instead of being condemned—and, as one correspondent of the *Times* asserted, burnt—became Bishop of Salzburg and a canonized Saint. Then, again, Mr. Wilkinson of Lutterworth thinks he has made a great point by quoting and—unfortunately for himself—translating a sentence from the Latin preface to the Jesuit edition of Newton's *Principia*, published in 1742, in order to prove that the editors promised to "yield assent to" the decrees condemning Galileo, while teaching the heliocentric theory as philosophically true. But the word which Mr. Wilkinson renders "to yield assent" happens to be *obsequi*, which simply means to obey. What the Jesuit editors promised was, not an *ex animo* assent to the doctrine of the Papal decree—which they of course knew perfectly well to be false—but the sort of external deference implied in not publicly contradicting it, which became famous in the Jansenist controversy by the name of "obsequious silence," and which had then, more than a century after Galileo's condemnation, come to be held sufficient at Rome. These however are minor issues. The brunt of the difficulty turns, and is felt by Ultramontane apologists to turn, on the fact of Galileo's condemnation for heresy by the Holy See. Before 1870 the difficulty in its present shape did not exist. A Roman Catholic might then have urged plausibly enough that he regretted the decision, but that after all it only embodied the universal religious sentiment of the day, whether among Catholics or Protestants, who equally regarded the Copernican theory as contradictory to Scripture, and therefore heretical, and that the worst to be said of the Pope who condemned it was that he was not before his age. But this answer is no longer available for those who accept the Vatican definition of Papal infallibility. They are bound to show either that the Pope never really decided the question at all, or that he decided it rightly. One eccentric writer has actually maintained both alternatives together, but we may confine ourselves here to the usual Ultramontane plea, which is adopted by Mr. Clarke, the newly-appointed Professor of Natural Theology at Kensington. The censure pronounced on Galileo, he says, was not the act of the Pontiff himself, but of two Roman Congregations, whose decisions, though running in the Pope's name, possessed no supreme and final validity. He adds that to prove a contradiction between Catholic faith and science it must be shown that some scientific truth has been condemned—(1) not because of manner or extrinsic circumstances, but on the ground that it is contrary to some doctrine of the Catholic religion; and (2) not by any subordinate tribunal, but by the supreme and final tribunal of the Catholic Church. It is easy to show that on Ultramontane principles the condemnation of Galileo fulfils both conditions.

To enter on a detailed history of the affair would require more space than we can command here. But we may refer our readers to a learned and able pamphlet on *The Pontifical Decrees against the Motion of the Earth, Considered in their Bearing on the Theory of Advanced Ultramontaniam*, by a "Priest of the Province of Westminster." It was published before the close of the Vatican Council, when the "theory" against which it is directed was raised, according to the ordinary acceptation of the decrees, into a dogma of faith. However we are not concerned here with the personal incidents of the controversy, but with the facts. The explanation then as now proffered by Ultramontanes of the case of Galileo, which then as now was most commonly alleged against their pretensions, was that "the decision was not uttered by the Pope *ex cathedra*, but by Cardinals, for whom no one claims infallibility, and was a mere disciplinary enactment very necessary for its times." Now the original decree of the Index under date of March 5, 1616, states that "it has come to the knowledge of the Holy Congregation that that false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, on the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun, which Copernicus, &c. . . is being promulgated and accepted by many;" and accordingly, "lest an opinion of this kind insinuate itself further to the destruction of Catholic truth," condemns the books which teach it. It is allowed by Ultramontanes that this would be an *ex cathedra* decree if it contained certain words indicating that the Pope had ordered its promulgation; the simple answer is that the insertion of this particular formula is quite a modern custom, and that to argue anything from its omission in a decree of 1616 is an ignorant or dis-

honest anachronism. It is further urged that the divine gift of infallibility attaches to the person of the Pope and cannot be delegated to others; it cannot therefore be exercised by a Congregation of Cardinals, and, in the absence of any direct proof, we are not justified in assuming their judgment to be his. But in this case there is abundant proof. The condemnation of Copernicanism was, and was known to be, a Papal judgment. "Paul V.," as the editor of the *Dublin Review* admits, "undoubtedly united with the Congregation of the Index in solemnly declaring that Copernicanism is contrary to Scripture." Moreover the Bull of Sixtus V. constituting these Congregations of Cardinals expressly directed that more weighty matters, *graviora*, should be referred to the Pope himself for his judgment; and the condemnation of Copernicanism, which has been taught publicly for many years under the highest ecclesiastical patronage, was confessedly treated as one of these *graviora*. And, as though to remove all shadow of doubt, on Galileo's publication of the *Dialogo* some twenty years later, Urban VIII. caused it to be publicly notified that "by order of the Lord Pope and Lord Cardinals of the Supreme and Universal Inquisition," it had been already declared that his doctrine "that the sun is in the centre of the universe and immovable from its place is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture"; and furthermore that his books had been put on the Index "that so pernicious a doctrine might be altogether taken away (*prorsus tolleretur*) and spread no further to the heavy detriment of Catholic truth." This original judgment of the Index was announced to Galileo in a Congregation held in the Pope's presence, as he was expressly and officially reminded when, by afterwards continuing to teach the condemned opinion, he had incurred "vehement suspicion of heresy"; nor was he absolved till he had then again solemnly before the Congregation, "with a pure heart and faith unfeigned, abjured, cursed, and detested the above-named errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church." Such are the terms and circumstances of the sentence pronounced on Galileo's teaching by a Congregation established—to quote the Bull of Sixtus V.—"tanquam firmissimum Catholicæ fidei propugnaculum . . . cui ob summam rei gravitatem Pontifex Romanus presidere solet." If such a decision is not an *ex cathedra* judgment of the Pope, what is? To deny it, in the words of the learned author already referred to, involves three absurdities—(1) that the Pope uniting with a Congregation to make a law for the universal Church does not *ipso facto* act in his official capacity as Supreme Legislator of the Church; (2) that such language in a Papal Bull as "ubi nobis retulerint, nostra auctoritate rejiciant," or "graviora gravemque ad nos vel successores nostros deferrentur, ut quid secundum Deum expediret, ejus gratia adjuvante mature statuamus," may refer to the Pope in his private capacity only; (3) that when a Pontifical Congregation, acting under the Pope's orders, testifies that an opinion *since its condemnation by the Pope is to be regarded as a heresy*, to be abjured with all other errors and heresies against the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, it yet does not attest that the Holy See has condemned that opinion.

Let it be further remembered that Urban VIII.—who certainly took up the matter on public grounds, and not, as has been most unjustly contended, out of personal spite—extracted from Galileo an unreserved *ex animo* assent to the doctrine of the previous decree of the Inquisition against him in 1616. And the *Dublin Review* maintains, reasonably enough, that "the Pope never exacts absolute and unreserved assent to any doctrine from individual Catholics, except where he exacts such assent from the whole body of Christians; otherwise he would himself destroy that unity of faith which it is his office to maintain." It was therefore obligatory on all Catholics to reject the heresy of Galileo. Moreover, in 1664 Alexander VII. in the Bull *Speculatores Domus Israel* solemnly ratified the decree of the Index of 1616. We may add *ex abundanti* that, according to a Brief addressed by Pius IX. in 1864 to the Archbishop of Munich, usually regarded by Ultramontanes as an *ex cathedra* judgment, "men cannot have that perfect adhesion to revealed truth which is necessary for the progress of science and the refuting of error, unless . . . they subject themselves in conscience to the decisions concerning doctrine put forth by the Pontifical Congregations." Mr. Clarke gives no authority for his assertion, borrowed perhaps from Venturi, that Benedict XIV. suspended the decree against Galileo. What is certain is that the works condemned in that decree are included in an Index published by Benedict XIV., to which was attached a Constitution expressly approving, confirming, and enjoining its observance on all persons everywhere by apostolical authority.

In his last letter to the *Times* Mr. Clarke cites a passage from Dr. Whewell's *History of Scientific Ideas*—for which, by the way, he gives a wrong reference—to the effect that Cardinal Bellarmine, at the time of the decree against Galileo, whose abjuration he received, spoke of its being rescinded if a demonstration of the heliocentric theory should be discovered. If the quotation of Bellarmine's words is accurate—and Whewell's account of the Galileo affair in his *History of the Inductive Sciences* is in many particulars inaccurate—it need not mean any more than that he was sure no such demonstration would ever be discovered. Be that as it may, Bellarmine's opinion, whatever it was, was simply that of an individual Cardinal, and, if Whewell rightly interprets it, was conclusively overruled by the subsequent acts of Urban VIII. and Alexander VII., which attest the strictly dogmatic character of the condem-

nation of Galileo's "heresy." As to contemporary estimates of the force of this decree let two witnesses suffice—one an opponent, the other a devoted admirer of Galileo. The Jesuit Cazreus, writing to Gassendi, says, "Vides . . . quam non immerito jam inde a Copernici tempore *Ecclesia* semper huic se errori opposuerit, eumque etiam novissime non Cardinales aliqui, ut ais, sed *Supremum Ecclesie Caput Pontificio decreto* in Galilæo damnaverit, et ut ne in posterum verbo aut scripto doceretur, sanctissime prohibuerit." On the other hand, Viviani, an enthusiastic disciple of Galileo, felt it necessary in writing his master's life to speak of the Copernican theory as "*già dannata da Sancta Chiesa* come repugnante alla divina Scriptura." On the whole, the learned Roman Catholic writer to whom we are largely indebted for this sketch of Galileo's case does not at all overshoot the mark when he draws from it these inferences:—(1) Rome—i.e. a Pontifical Congregation informed by the Pope—may put forth a decision scientifically false and doctrinally erroneous; (2) an opinion which the Pope has publicly required a Catholic to abjure as untenable and false may be perfectly sound; (3) the Pope may require a Catholic to assent *ex animo* to a judgment doctrinally erroneous; (4) he may further command a Pontifical Congregation to promulgate, as a part of the teaching of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, what is scientifically false and doctrinally erroneous; (5) he may officially "confirm his brethren" the Cardinals in an error on the matter of faith, and use his authority as Pope to indoctrinate the Church therewith; (6) it is not always good for Catholics to think as Rome does, even on points of doctrine.

Before concluding it may be right to mention that a loophole—*valeat quantum*—for those who desire to reconcile the Vatican decrees with the facts of history has been provided in one of Dr. Newman's latest publications. The endless disputes of theologians on the meaning of the talismanic formula *ex cathedra* are notorious. In the third volume of his *Historical Sketches*, in a note to the very interesting Essay on Theodoret, now published for the first time, Dr. Newman suggests an explanation of the words apparently framed with a view of restricting former infallible decisions to the single case of the Immaculate Conception, if indeed even that decree will satisfy his second criterion. "Surely," he observes—the italics are our own—"for an *ex cathedra* decision of the Pope is required his formal initiation of it, his *authorship of its wording*, and his utterance amid his court, with solemnities parallel to those of an *Ecumenical Council*." There is certainly only one Papal decision that will satisfy the third condition, and we are inclined to doubt whether any can be found, strictly speaking, to satisfy the second; the Bull *Ineffabilis* was generally supposed to be the composition of Passaglia. No doubt this interpretation of *ex cathedra* would go far to relieve the Kensington Professors, and perhaps many more besides, of their embarrassments. But we must confess to some misgiving as to how many even of the minority Bishops who have since succumbed would be prepared openly to adopt it, and still more as to how it would be received at Rome. How far it agrees with the theory of the *Dublin Review* that the Pope "never ceases" to speak infallibly, or with Father Gallwey's desire for that happy time when a new dogma—like the daily provision of manna in the wilderness—will be bestowed on us every morning, we need not ask.

#### HOMBURG AND BADEN.

WHEN the reign of roulette and rouge-et-noir came to a close in the German watering-places, many people besides the inhabitants of those places were interested in speculating on their future. Each separate Bath had its own circle of patrons, in addition to the holiday tourists who went fluttering about from one to another capriciously distributing their favours. How some of these Baths could find constant visitors at all to return to them year after year, was a standing mystery to the admirers of others. The only plausible explanation was that there were genuine believers in the virtues of particular springs, who had the resolution to back a favourite fountain to pull them through against their infirmities, although seriously handicapped in the course of the cure by a depressing atmosphere and dull surroundings. There was Ems, for example, buried in the depths of its valley, with overhanging hills radiating perpetual heat upon stagnant air that could never be stirred except when it was swept out by a hurricane. Yet, in spite of the lack of shade and freshness and of any agreeable variety in its surroundings, Ems was habitually patronized by the German Emperor-King and his nephew the Czar of All the Russias, and of course, when personages so exalted set a fashion, hotelkeepers seldom have reason to grumble. Even when the gaming came to an end, Ems could still count on a fair share of popularity so long as her waters prolonged the lives of the potent monarchs who annually visited them. But there were other watering-places more fortunate in the advantages bestowed upon them by nature, and consequently more independent even of the most distinguished patronage. There was Wiesbaden, which lay so conveniently for the Rhine that few of the pilgrims of the great river failed to turn aside and drop in there in passing. The golden dome of its Greek church glancing in the sunlight on the pine-covered heights served as a sort of advertisement to the tables that were spread as traps under its shadow. When once you got there, it was an open question whether you would like the place or take an intense aversion to it.



The society was scarcely all that could be desired by the fastidious or aspiring, especially after Nassau had ceased to be an independent principality, and the ex-sovereign no longer mingled with his guests or drove over from his palace at Bieberich to dine with his tenants in the Kursaal. The scenery was questionable in quality, and might be defined even by its admirers as tamely picturesque. The carriage roads were decidedly dusty, and the woodland bridle-paths lay deep in sand; while the place itself was too much of a city, and there, as at Ems, there was something to object to in the temperature. If invalids and valetudinarians were attracted by the soothing vapours of the hot springs and the warm water that flowed streaming down the streets, many outsiders hastened their departure from what must, as they fancied, be as relaxing as a Turkish bath.

Without, however, stopping to criticize all these watering-places in detail, we may say, with a pleasant holiday Correspondent of the *Times*, that there were two of them that might be pronounced *facile principes*. Homburg on the heights and Baden-Baden distanced all competitors. Both were famous as centres of play; though in that respect the former had been doing its best to take the wind out of the sails of its older rival. At Baden there were the usual heavy odds in favour of the tables. At Homburg, thanks to the enterprise of speculative *entrepreneurs*, who advertised an alarming sacrifice in order to bring grist to their mill, the rouge-et-noir was played with the *demi-refait*, and the roulette with a single zero. Consequently, if a gentleman was starting from home on a gambling trip to invest the savings of his year's income, or if a daring and inventive spirit had devised some infallible system to break the banks and lay the foundation of a fortune, it was only natural that he should bend his steps towards Homburg. And, considering that the gamblers were the most generous patrons of both places; that it was their gold that fed the fountains which played in fertilizing showers on the Kursaal and its pleasure grounds, fruitful of balls and operas, plays and concerts; that they hired the handsomest suites of apartments, ordered reckless dinners of the restaurateurs, and never looked at the items of the bills; that, whether on the brink of ruin or flush of funds, they equally paid fancy prices for useless nicknacks in the shops and stalls—considering all this, we should have imagined that Homburg would have altogether eclipsed its rival in the good old days of the tables. As a matter of fact, however, it was not only passing strangers, tempted to try their luck and provoked by losses into persevering, who were found to drop their money at Baden. Professional gamblers parted with large sums there, though they had only to take tickets for the short journey to Homburg in order to fight the bank on far more favourable terms. It may have been partly that, in the gambler's proverbial frenzy, they ran their heads against stone walls in sheer love of the excitement and contemptuous disregard of calculations; it may have been in some degree that, in a spirit of gambling chivalry, they took a Quixotic pleasure in coping with exceptionally formidable odds. Still, however much these sophistries and illusions might serve to stifle the remonstrances of common sense, the true explanation of the fact that play was always brisk at Baden notwithstanding the superior inducements of Homburg is simply that many people infinitely preferred Baden to any other sojourn in the season. One would have supposed therefore that, when the gaming was brought to an end, Baden, which had always held its own with Homburg, would have been left in decidedly the better plight of the two. Its former frequenters would cling to it still, while it would win over many who had been lured to Homburg by sordid pecuniary considerations. The *Times* Correspondent assures us that this is not the case. His letters from Baden echo lamentations which he had to listen to everywhere. The glory of the place had gone with the guests. The great hotels were well nigh empty. The shopkeepers might monopolize any pleasures that were going, if they had spirit to enjoy them, for there was little business to keep them in their shops. The shady alleys before the Kursaal and around the kiosque were haunted by the sad spectres of the former glittering company; nay, even on the off mornings in the great week of the races there was scarcely a sign of animation to be witnessed on the road that leads to the course. The worthy citizens of Homburg, on the other hand, seem to be tolerably cheerful, and with considerable cause. If things are not as brisk as could be desired, at all events they are livelier than might have been expected. Invalids may empty their glasses at the springs of a morning surrounded by something like the merry crowd of happier times, and there are guests enough to encourage the municipality in persevering with a fairly well-filled programme of entertainments.

Yet, although Homburg appears to have the best of it for the present, we cannot believe that Baden will be nowhere in the end. Homburg suffered by the abolition of the tables only in common with other gaming resorts, and over many of them the qualities of her air and her waters gave her a decided superiority. She had been very much supported, if not actually made, by the better classes of English visitors; they were precisely the people who cared least for play, and most of them indeed positively objected to it and to the hordes of scamps of both sexes whom it attracted. Homburg besides is in the neighbourhood of the great city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main—it is, in fact, a sort of suburb of it. Baden, on the contrary, is far from any town of importance, and has depended almost entirely on visitors from a distance. Visitors it had from all countries; there were many Russians, many Americans, and not a few English. But the nationality that predominated over every other, that set the fashions, and gave the

tone to its society, was the French. The French might be said to have annexed it, with the free consent of the inhabitants. During a couple of months, when the season was at its height, there was a steady incursion of invading columns by way of Strasburg, descending daily in battalions on the Oos platform. Most of the members of this Grand Army came with bellicose intentions towards the bank, and the flying corps of Amazons that it numbered in its ranks were the very fiercest of the combatants. A notoriety of the *demi-monde* was the last person in the world to care for the paltry difference between one zero and a pair of them, when she came attended by a train of admirers who vied with each other in keeping her supplied with ammunition. But, unhappily for both parties, when the war broke out, the town which had been socially French remained geographically German. Long before a puritanical Government tampered with the grand institution of the place, Baden was shivering in the cold shadow of the coming event, and experiencing a bitter foretaste of the calamity in store for it. The French were kept away, and no one turned up to replace them. For a whole season the only entertainment that was offered to the stray traveller was the sound of the distant guns when the Germans were bombarding Strasburg. Even after peace had been signed not many of the French came back. The least patriotic of them shrank from close daily contact with their German conquerors on German territory. This feeling survives still, and moreover the old frequenters of Baden are just those who least care to revisit it in its altered state. If they are inveterate gamblers, they go for the season to Monaco or Hendaye. If they used only to gamble because gambling fell in their way, they prefer to enjoy the gaieties of Trouville or Biarritz. There is always a charm in a crowded and chattering promenade by the sea, while the lonely beauties of hill and dale in the Black Forest have but small attractions for Frenchmen except for picnicking purposes. For other nations, however, who are capable of really loving nature for her own sake, these forest beauties must inevitably act as a magnet that will gradually draw them in increasing numbers. We say nothing against Homburg, which we fancy very much in many ways. We have been told that the waters there are good, as they certainly are exceedingly unpleasant. Nothing can be fresher than the morning breezes from the Taunus. There are agreeable enough distant excursions in the mountains, while in the pretty gardens that lie around the Kursaal art and wealth have conspired to do their utmost. But in point of natural beauty Homburg will not bear comparison with Baden for an instant. In opportunities for agreeable expeditions of all lengths, Baden indeed may rank after Ischl. The lazy loiterer with book or cigar may find an infinite variety of scenery within fifteen minutes' saunter from his hotel. You have the Black Forest stretching away towards Stuttgart, with endless subjects in its valleys for the brush and the pencil, with pleasant streams where no one will interfere with your fishing, with inns primitive but comfortable where you may pass a night, with excellent roads over which you may travel economically by *Einspänner*, to say nothing of an occasional railway. In short, Baden is a place which you fall in love with at first sight, and whose charms win on you as you grow more familiar with them. It is purified now of the obtrusive vice and dissipation which used to deter many steadygoing people from prolonging their stay there, and when once the world begins to realize this fact, we shall be surprised indeed if it does not settle down to a satisfactory future.

#### A SENSIBLE SERMON.

IT is a familiar complaint against clergymen that they are too much given to preaching, as the Scotch laird swore, "at large," and that they prefer to bemoan the sinfulness of the world in general rather than to expose the particular wickednesses of the people whom they are addressing. The explanation of this tendency has been given by an American poet, who remarks that there is no danger in going in very strongly against wrong in the abstract, for the simple reason that that kind of wrong is never committed, and therefore nobody feels aggrieved when it is denounced; but, he adds:—

—you must not be hard on pertikeler sins,  
For then you get kicking the people's own shins.

The Bishop of Manchester, however, does not seem to be disposed to adhere to this prudent rule, and the other day he took to kicking the shins of some people rather vigorously. The occasion was a charity sermon in order to raise subscriptions for the repair of a church, which was built only thirteen years ago, but which, it seems, has had to be pretty nearly rebuilt in consequence of the foundations of the columns giving way. The Bishop seized the opportunity of speaking in very strong language of the conduct of people who "scamp" church buildings, and from church buildings he passed on very naturally to other buildings, and denounced in equally emphatic terms the system of erecting what, it appears, are technically known as "jerry" buildings. These he explained to mean buildings which are run up by speculative builders of the flimsiest materials, with the thinnest walls, at the least possible cost, and intended to last the least possible time. The Bishop said he had learned on good authority that buildings of this kind paid better than any others. It is to be feared that the construction of "jerry" buildings is not confined to Manchester, and that on examination too much of modern London would be found to be

of the same flimsy and fictitious texture. Nor is the concoction of commodities which might come under the general name of "jerry" by any means confined to builders and architects. We live in a world which is pervaded with "jerry." We meet it in all directions. We eat "jerry" and drink "jerry," and go about with it on our backs. It has got into our houses, our furniture, our ships. Our tea is iron filings and indigo, our wine vinegar or sulphuric acid, our silk cotton. There is, in fact, scarcely an article of commerce nowadays which is really honest and genuine, and what it purports to be. The very phrase "article of commerce" has acquired an ominous significance, and implies that the article, whatever it is, has in passing through the hands of commerce been transformed from its original character into something more or less fictitious. It is evident, therefore, that if the clergy are at all disposed to follow Bishop Fraser's example, and engage in a crusade against "jerry," there is plenty of scope for their efforts in this direction; and it will be instructive to watch the results. A few weeks ago a working-man picked up a bundle of banknotes in the street, and at once restored them to the bankers to whom they belonged. The bankers not only rewarded the finder very liberally, but made inquiry as to the church which he attended and gave it a handsome donation too. We have no information as to the sort of sermons which are preached in that church; but the bankers appear to have been content to judge by results, and to assume that, as a member of the congregation had given such a remarkable proof of his honesty, this must be due to the wholesome influence of the services which he attended. It would certainly be interesting if the test could be applied on a wider scale. We should then be able to form some idea of the practical value of the vast amount of sermonizing which is constantly going on. It is not everybody who has a chance of finding a bundle of notes lying before him in the street; but what may be called the ordinary honesty of mankind is perhaps subjected to a more wearing strain. There is no subject on which there is such an infinite variety of shades and refinements of opinion as on what constitutes actual dishonesty, and there is no subject on which people require more closely to watch themselves, and to be watched over by their spiritual mentors. What in the first instance would be condemned by every one as a fraud gets to be in a manner legalized, or at least whitewashed, by custom. Thus, adulteration, which in the beginning is furtively practised with fear and trembling, is afterwards carried out confidently and systematically on a large scale, and is supposed to be sufficiently justified by the fact that it has become a common practice of the trade. It is recognized, even by popular and reforming statesmen like Mr. Bright, as a form of competition; and, as everybody does it, nobody is held to be specially to blame. It is probable that in the early days of the evil the builders of "jerry" houses may have had a guilty sense of wrongdoing; but this would pass away as buildings of this delusive character were gradually multiplied. A host of competitors would rise up to keep each other in countenance; a younger generation would implicitly accept "scamping" as a regular and proper method of business, and any objection to it would be met with the ready answer—"Custom of the trade." This is the insidious progress by which mere common cheating is in course of time legitimized, and it surely falls within the range of evils upon which the pulpit might be expected to bring to bear such influence as it possesses. Unhappily it is usually mute on such matters, and prefers fine language about the abstract to plain language about the concrete.

It is certainly not desirable that clergymen should rashly thrust themselves into political or economical controversies in regard to which they cannot speak with any particular authority, and which, too often, their language shows that they do not understand. There are, however, many questions of practical morality upon which, if they look for practical results from their preaching, they might reasonably be supposed to have something to say; for, though it is true that such questions do not fill the whole sphere of religious teaching, they occupy at least an important part of it. The Bishop of Manchester could not shut his eyes to the fact that the reason why he was preaching an appeal for subscriptions on the occasion to which we have referred was that the building of the church in the first instance had been "scamped"; but there are many much worse things to which clergymen, as a rule, appear to be less sensitive. There is the subject of intemperance, for example. Many clergymen are in favour of coercive legislation, with a view to the suppression of this destructive vice; and it is curious that they fail to perceive that their demand for such a remedy is practically an admission of the weakness of their own resources. The natural inference would seem to be that the preaching power of the country is somehow either not applied as it should be, or is wanting in some element of force. It may be said, no doubt, that the classes who are most wasted by intemperance are just those whom it is most difficult to bring within the range of pulpit influences; but this again is only an acknowledgment in another form that pulpit influence is least effectual where it is most required. And in any case, this argument does not apply to other classes of the community, who are tolerably regular in their attendance at church, but whose personal morality scarcely corresponds with the religious doctrines to which they profess adherence. The Bishop of Manchester, for instance, might profitably follow up his discourse on "jerry" with some remarks on the manufacture of short-measure reels of cotton. There is also the notorious system of loading cotton cloth with chalk in order to increase its weight, and thus defraud purchasers who buy an article of which a considerable part vanishes as soon as

it is wetted. This is a thievish trick of the worst kind, and it is known to be practised by a large number of Lancashire manufacturers. There is no sort of reason for adding chalk to the extent to which it is used except to give a fictitious weight to the fabric, and it is deliberately and systematically added for this purpose, and for this purpose alone. We have "jerry" here as well as in church-building, and if sermons are intended for practical correction, they might naturally be expected to be directed against this and other equally flagrant acts of mercantile dishonesty, from the almost universal adulteration of the shopkeepers to the bubble Companies of more daring speculators. We should be sorry to say anything that could be construed into disrespect of the pulpit, but, like other public institutions, its utility must be tested, not by its pretensions, but by results.

The low tone of commercial morality is a subject which is usually avoided or ignored by preachers, and yet it is the most dangerous canker of the age, and its baneful influences may be seen on every side. A sort of conventional code of morals has been invented according to which almost any transaction, no matter how fraudulent in intention and effect, is to be regarded as fair as long as it does not actually land a man at the Old Bailey, and even if it does unfortunately lead to that awkward conclusion, is rather to be pitied as a misfortune than punished as a crime. It is obvious that nothing can be more dangerous and fatal than the atmosphere which is thus produced. It scatters its subtle and insidious poison in every direction, and corrupts and corrodes all who come within its influence. The simple rules of absolute honesty being surrendered, degrees of dishonesty are soon hopelessly confounded, and the sense of honour is blunted to everything save the sharp edges of the criminal law. A malady like this, so deeply seated and so noxious, might naturally claim the attention of spiritual physicians, but it does not appear that it receives it. The truth is that there are many social disorders which the law cannot touch, and which it is not desirable that it should strain itself to reach. These can be subdued only by the force of persuasion and the pressure of opinion. The reason why there is so much commercial laxity is simply because this sort of looseness has ceased to be regarded as disreputable; it is recognized as, at the worst, only a rather imprudent form of speculative adventure. The prevalence of scamping is due to the competitive spirit, released from the restraints of old-fashioned honesty, and encouraged by the countenance of brisk competitive roguery. What is wanted to remedy this state of things is a more wholesome condition of public opinion on such matters, and to the formation of this opinion clergymen, if they had only the courage to speak out their minds, and the acuteness—not too generally diffused, it is to be feared, at the present moment—to discern how they can be most usefully employed, might powerfully contribute. A patient has little to hope from a physician who will not descend from broad general speculations on the laws of health to the close observation of the vulgar details of actual disease.

#### THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI.

SOME anxiety has not unnaturally been felt for the fate of the art treasures in the Franciscan convent and triple church at Assisi. The lands, amounting, it is said, to forty-two estates, have been confiscated and the monks dispersed; but what seems far worse, in the eyes of archaeologists and artists, is that restorers armed with the authority of the Government are hard at work in pulling away altars, knocking down walls, and renovating frescoes. The priests, as a matter of course, have been up in arms, and painters and many others whose cherished associations have been set at nought are still clamorous. But the first panic is now a little past, and a brief statement of facts which we have learnt on the spot may tend further to mitigate alarm.

On the dissolution of the Monastery of St. Francis provision was made for the due performance of the services in the church, and a few of the monks are retained and subsidized for that purpose. As a matter of general State policy they are not allowed to retain the picturesque garb of the order, but, dressed in black, they assume the office and the aspect of ordinary priests. We have recently witnessed in the Lower Church a function in honour of the Nativity of the Madonna, which, as to the music and the scenic display, was creditable to the clerical staff as now constituted. Moreover, the Government, in laudable zeal for the preservation of historic works, has taken the whole structure as a national monument under its protection, and a small annual grant is made for incidental expenses.

The reader may remember that the church of St. Francis at Assisi consists in fact of three churches placed over each other. The lowest is little more than a chapel or a vault, and its only interest lies in the tomb of the Saint. This church has not been touched in the recent renovations. Then follows the Middle Church, a massive, shadowy, and almost sepulchral structure of the thirteenth century; the vaulted roof is of round arches; the side chapels, later additions, are pointed in the vaults and in the windows; the walls are covered with frescoes by the precursors of Cimabue, by Cimabue himself, by Giotto, and others. The Upper Church, also of the thirteenth century, displays the Gothic style in its early simplicity and breadth, and while the Lower Church is sombre and sepulchral, the Upper rises with joy as a creature of the light into the sky. Both churches were alike covered with frescoes, works which have cruelly suffered, and are in parts irremedi-



ably lost. The two churches, when they had received in the fourteenth century the finishing touches of the chief masters of Florence, and Siena must have been the most lovely and mature manifestations of pictorial art applied to mural decoration then extant. But in the course of time not only did decay come, but, what was still worse, structures and paintings belonging to later and debased periods were ruthlessly thrust into the midst of the early and good work. The object of the changes now in progress may be said in general to be to reinstate as far as practicable the Lower and the Upper Churches in their original integrity.

This bold and, as some would say, rash enterprise has fortunately fallen into safe hands. Signor Cavalcaselle, the fellow-labourer with Mr. Crowe in the *New History of Painting in Italy*, was to be seen daily during our stay in Assisi mounting scaffolding raised in front of frescoes or descending to excavations made in search of some ancient, but disguised, structure. The responsibility of the work is shared by Professor Botti of Venice, and others. And so much interest is excited that a little company of architects, painters, and amateurs has during the past months been gathered in Assisi. The Slade Professor of Oxford has been making studies from the frescoes; a German artist in the service of the Arundel Society has done more—he improves on what he sees; his copies, with one exception, which is said to be in facsimile, are of the nature of restorations; they do not represent the pictures as they now are, but as they might possibly have been. In addition to these labourers, there are architects busy in the taking of measurements, and archaeologists studious of masonry and observant of other indications of dates and styles. The operations in progress favour these investigations; they may be likened to railway cuttings which disclose hidden strata, or to dissections which lay bare an underlying anatomy. This is the very time for some one to work out a careful monograph of the whole structure and its chequered history. Unfortunately but few written records have been preserved; the monks of St. Francis appear to be as illiterate as they are inartistic.

The restorations were found one fine morning to have made a sudden and startling jump. During the night, by the aid of twenty or more men, the obnoxious modern altars were swept away, much to the consternation of the priests who came as usual to say mass. By this bold stroke of business light was let in at darkened windows; frescoes by the dozen, especially a Madonna, Child, and Saints, by Cimabue, were made to look out once more from walls long masked; while, in place of roccoco carpentry and gimcrack ornaments, stood the simple stone altars before which the immediate followers of St. Francis had worshipped. But the clearances did not stop here. From the choir of the Lower Church was taken a wooden singing gallery whereby more frescoes were brought to light, and in like manner from the Upper Church stalls and seats in tarsia work, by no means bad in point of art, were swept away from the apse and the adjoining transepts. This wholesale measure we are inclined to think may have exceeded the bounds of discretion; the walls now present a bare and unfurnished aspect, and the pictures revealed, being mere wrecks, offer a poor compensation. Still it cannot be questioned that the east end of the Upper Church is thus brought back to its first estate, and moreover by the removal of these incumbrances it has become practicable to restore the high altar from the nave to its original site in the transept. It is difficult to realize, except on the spot, the collective result of these changes, but in general they may be said to attain the following ends—the clearance of a thousand and one trumpery appurtenances which offended common sense and pure taste, the reduction of altar ornamentation to the comparative simplicity of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the consequent restoration of the whole fabric to its first estate. There cannot be a doubt that much has been gained for archaeology, and scarcely less for art.

While we write, certain tentative operations are in progress. A pickaxe and a spade are brought to clear away earth from the columns of the portal of the Upper Church, in order to ascertain whether the original approach was on the level of the present grass-grown piazza, or by means of ascending steps from below. A few hours sufficed to prove that no remnants of steps exist. Another and more important investigation is directed to the reconciliation of hitherto unexplained anomalies arising from the scattered and almost purposeless distribution in the nave, chapels, and transept of the Lower and Upper Churches of marble slabs inlaid with mosaic. The conjecture is, not only that these ornate marbles may be made to fit together, but further that the collective structure constituted a choir, with ambones and screen similar to that typical form found in San Clemente at Rome. It is almost too much to expect that the measurements and excavations now in progress will fit so precisely as to establish this ingenious conjecture. But, at all events, such thorough and painstaking search shows that the present generation of Italian architects and archaeologists, unlike their presumptuous predecessors, do not seek to destroy, but are solicitous to reinstate. In this respect we observe in Italy a great change for the better.

The greatest difficulty has been to know what to do with the frescoes. They present different stages of decay, amounting in many places to absolute destruction; some have crumbled wholly from the walls, others are so far obliterated that the subjects can hardly be deciphered, while scarcely a single composition remains without the loss of a head, a hand, or an entire figure. Under the circumstances, what course is the wisest? Several alternatives presented themselves. Some persons would be found to urge that the works were too precious to be touched at all; but

to this position a sufficient answer is that, if not dealt with somehow, they must perish irretrievably; the misfortune, in fact, is that they were not taken in hand a century or more ago. Other experts would insist on the adoption of that system of restoration, or rather of partial or entire repainting, which, though worse than the worst decay, has been for long the universal panacea in Italy. To mention a tenth or a hundredth part of the works thus ruined would far exceed our limits. Some of the frescoes in the Upper Church have been thus killed by kindness. Again, other counsellors might presume to advise even the substitution of modern pictures in the place of the frescoes gone beyond power of recall; that in past centuries such a course was ventured on is evident in certain chapels of the Lower Church, where comparatively late frescoes now cover walls previously occupied by early paintings. We cannot but think that these various plans have been wisely set aside in favour of a measure which, stopping short of restoration or renovation, seeks simply to preserve whatever still remains.

The plan and process adopted and now in course of being carried to completion we will endeavour briefly to explain. We found on mounting the scaffolding which, in the Upper Church, reaches to the pictures which we hope may still be accredited to Cimabue, that workmen with chisels, hammers, trowels, and mortar were steadily operating under the immediate supervision of Signor Cavalcaselle and Professor Botti. Where a large piece of wall had fallen into rottenness, and was denuded of its picture, it was simply cut out and replaced by sound cement. Again, where only a small part of the intonaco was in decay, a chisel removed the crumbling mortar, and a trowel replaced the void by firm material which bound the surroundings together as by a wedge or a plug. The process, it may be observed is honest; the new and uncoloured mortar speaks for itself. Next, and chiefly, those parts have been operated upon, fortunately still very considerable, which, though in decay and threatened with destruction, are yet capable of preservation. The malady which afflicts these frescoes is one common to the whole genus of wall-paintings. The surface or pellicle of the picture is in blisters, the whole of the mortar is disintegrated and ready to fall down on the floor as dust, and the entire picture must speedily die if left to its disease. To fix these flying particles and fleeting paints some glutinous medium is infused, and then, with a gentle but firm surface pressure, the loosened atoms of the picture are once more brought and bound together. Furthermore, pains are taken to remove the dust of ages by means of a soft brush or simple water, and finally some fixing medium is washed over the surface and into the pores. The composition used is said to be a secret, but we presume it may be the silicate known in Germany and in England as "Wasserglas." The same medium will probably be applied to the external stonework of the church, not only to arrest, as in our Houses of Parliament, further decay, but to prevent the percolation of rain from the exterior walls to the interior frescoes. The result of these operations, though not all that might be desired, is on the whole satisfactory. Without the use of brush or the addition of colour, the frescoes are wonderfully "refreshed," and they are moreover placed *en permanence*.

The two churches, while they still serve for religious functions, may be said to be now converted into museums of art. And in no other spot, not even in the Campo Santo of Pisa, can the early masters of the Italian revival be better studied. Frescoes by Giunta carry the spectator back to the petrified forms of Byzantium; *chef-d'œuvre* by the illustrious pupil of Giunta show how great an advance was made under Cimabue, a master nowhere else seen in equal maturity or grandeur. A third generation brings us down to Giotto; fortunately the compositions which here attest the painter's creative power, symmetric arrangement, systematized treatment, and comparatively perfected style, retain much of their original character. Thus we see the early school of Florence transplanted to Assisi, and in like manner the contemporary but rival masters of Siena find in the spiritual forms of Pietro Lorenzetti and of Simone Martini a conspicuous and honourable place on these truly historic walls. We feel grateful to Signor Cavalcaselle and his fellow-labourers for having rescued these precious remains from further mutilation and decay.

Little need be said of the now tenantless monastery attached to the Church of St. Francis; it was never rich in art, though, judging from the great refectory, which could entertain two hundred and fifty guests at a sitting, it was bounteous in hospitality. Among the novelties which the dissolution brought to light were the prisons for the incarceration of refractory monks. A visit may also be paid to a small and prettily planted cloister, where are stowed away cartloads of skulls and skeletons which for long years have cried aloud for decent burial. The monks have brought upon themselves their galling misfortunes; the preceding narrative will have shown that, from lack of culture and from want of vigilance, they proved themselves the unworthy keepers of priceless treasures, and they have written on the walls, in the most debased forms of art, the low estate into which they had fallen. The story which the Church of St. Francis recounts is melancholy; originally set upon a hill as a light which could not be hid, its brightness was turned into darkness; the vow of poverty became first a mockery and then grew into a dire reality, until at last the whole city of Assisi presents a spectacle of mendicancy to which there is no parallel, not even in Italy.

## PARTY WAR IN NEW YORK.

THE local politics of New York continue to perplex and amuse outsiders. A furious war is going on between Mayor Havemayer and ex-Sheriff Kelly, whom we dimly perceive to be leaders of rival factions, and the most recent "development" of this conflict is the publication by the Mayor of a statement of prodigious length in which detailed charges of peculation and fraud, highly spiced with personalities, are urged against the ex-Sheriff. We will come to the statement presently, but it may be interesting in the first place to observe how the publication of this document has been received in the city to which the Mayor and ex-Sheriff belong. The *New York Herald* seems to be doing its best to find in the "Kelly-Havemayer war" a successor to the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal," which is almost or quite played out. At our latest date from the other side the public had had Havemayer's statement before them for a week and were eagerly awaiting Kelly's answer to it. A reporter of the *Herald*, thinking probably that a light snack might be welcome to those who were expecting a full meal, called upon Kelly to collect, if possible, a few crumbs of information as to his answer. But Kelly had nothing particular to impart, so the reporter visited Mr. Waterbury, who appears to be an ally of Havemayer. This gentleman desired to deal with an allegation that, if Kelly as Sheriff committed fraud, it was the duty of him (Waterbury) as District Attorney to prosecute him. Mr. Waterbury answers that when he was in office he did not know of Kelly's frauds, and would have been astounded by the suggestion that he could be guilty of them; but he adds that his observations of Kelly's conduct and associates since have in a measure prepared him for the disclosure of these frauds. This, it appears, is a way they have in New York. The charges against Kelly are given in great detail of facts and figures, and must be proved or disproved by the books and other records of the Sheriff's office. This being so, Waterbury, who seems to be a lawyer, takes occasion to declare that he has no knowledge whether Kelly committed fraud, but he thinks him just the man to do it. The *Herald* repeats this remark as if it were of no particular importance, and probably it is not. In local politics it is apparently the correct thing to assert and pretend to believe that your opponents only want opportunity to pick pockets. Mr. Waterbury finished the interview by stating that he was going out of town, but should return on Monday "ready for all emergencies," and a "peculiar smile" flitted over the features of the "redoubtable Waterbury" as he made this promise. We do not, however, apprehend that any very tremendous incident would solemnize the return of Mr. Waterbury to New York. Everybody seems to have already called everybody else by all the abusive names that could be thought of, and happily the revolver and bowie-knife are not usually introduced into the party warfare of New York.

The reporter next calls upon Coroner Croker, who occupies a place subordinate to Kelly in Havemayer's statement, and who treats very lightly the charges brought against him. It appears that Havemayer had stated that Croker's friends and associates were "the rough and vicious portion of his district," to which Croker answers that his friends did not number among them any indicted and convicted criminals, "such as form the most intimate part of the Mayor's acquaintance." Thus we have an actual Coroner charged by an actual Mayor with associating with roughs, and retorting that the Mayor keeps company with convicts. The Coroner proceeds to say that all the charges brought by the Mayor against himself and Kelly are false, and they were merely brought as a "bold stroke for popularity" by the Mayor. We may infer from the actors in this drama what must be the audience. It appears to be accepted as a reasonable and credible theory that Havemayer, finding the influence of his party waning, thought to reinvigorate it by bringing against Kelly charges which, if not true, are stupendous falsehoods. The charges must await Kelly's answer, but while that is preparing, the *Herald* anticipates a few of the more striking points in it. It was of course Kelly's duty as Sheriff to hang such criminals as were sentenced to the gallows during his term of office, and one of Havemayer's points is that Kelly charged the State of New York inordinate and unconscionable sums for getting its criminals hanged. One item which is particularly challenged by Havemayer is a charge of forty dollars for shaving a murderer named Jeremiah O'Brien before execution. Kelly's explanation of this charge, as reported by the *Herald*, is that this sum of forty dollars was paid for shaving Mr. O'Brien during several weeks of incarceration, and that "other murderers" enjoyed the benefit of tonsorial art without extra charge. Even with this explanation we find in the admitted fact that forty dollars was charged for shaving murderers confirmation of the remark made some time ago that hanging criminals in New York had become such an expensive process that only a wealthy State could afford that luxury. It is admitted by Kelly's partisans that he charged much more for hanging than his predecessors, but as it is near six years since he held office, and the prices of all necessities of life, including the means of putting an end to it, have gone on increasing ever since, it is possible that Kelly's extravagance or exaction may after this lapse of time be regarded as thrift and honesty. It seems to be agreed that the Sheriff has always been entitled to a fee for hanging a criminal, although he was not expected to adjust the halter himself, and it seems also that this fee was raised during Kelly's term of office. It will occur to

English readers that, if this were done by Kelly, it must have been checked by somebody else, but that would be a purely English, and therefore erroneous, conception. The gist of Havemayer's charge, as we understand, is that Kelly and his confederates were all in office together, that one made out accounts, another audited, and a third paid them, and then the trio divided the spoil. Really, however, Havemayer's charge is a "bold stroke" for popularity and re-election, and there is probably no serious intention of trying the question whether Kelly as Sheriff did six years ago overcharge the State for hanging criminals.

The Mayor's letter occupies nearly nine columns of the *New York Herald* of September 18, and, as that journal says, "the language selected by his Honour is plain and unadorned, leaving in no instance any doubt as to his meaning." The editor seems to find much amusement in the fact that Mr. Havemayer is an old man; he calls him "our municipal fossil," and delights to suppose that he was a contemporary of Knickerbocker. If the charges were true, it would follow, as the editor suggests, that Kelly must be worse than Tweed. But unless their truth can be tried in a court of law, which appears unlikely, they will probably be believed only by partisans of Havemayer, while Kelly's faction will regard his forthcoming vindication as triumphant. As regards execution fees, the allegation is that the bill of Kelly's predecessor for hanging a man was 49'87 dols., while in Kelly's first term he charged in two instances 124'07 and 113'78 dols. respectively, and in his second term, when Watson audited his charges, they increased to 940'80 dols. This was in the case of Jeremiah O'Brien, and it may have been in compliment to the distinguished Irish name which he bore that he was hanged regardless of expense. The items of charge for an execution in 1866 or 1867 were as follows:—

Building scaffold . . . . .	191'07
Sheriff's fee . . . . .	250'00
Twenty-four deputies assisting . . . . .	120'00
Two watchers . . . . .	200'00
Summoning jury and witnesses . . . . .	10'00
Certificates and fair copies . . . . .	25'00
Advertising same . . . . .	9'25
Sundry expenses . . . . .	135'48
	<hr/> \$940'80

By way of comment Havemayer states that by prescription the Sheriff's fee for executing a convict was 51. or 25 dols. Nothing authorized Kelly to charge more, but he has charged 200 dols. in one case and 250 dols. each in other three. The pithy remark is added, "fraud in this item 850 dols." Other items of alleged fraudulent charge are "pretended report of imaginary convictions," "conveyance of alleged prisoners," "pretended summoning of mock constables," and of "imaginary jurors"; and the total of monies said to be fraudulently obtained is upwards of 80,000 dols. or 16,000*l*.

The specific allegations of this wonderful document are mixed up with general vituperation. Much stress is laid upon the fact that Kelly has been called "honest" and reported "pious." One of his smaller charges against the State is designated as a "little grab." He is said to have defrauded the Public Treasury, defamed the character of the city, libelled citizens of his own race, and sunk himself to the lowest depth of disgrace. We have sought in vain for further details of the alleged libels by Kelly upon citizens of his own, which is manifestly the Irish race, and we must content ourselves with remarking that the saying *celum non animus mutant* is eminently true of Irishmen in America. All the world over if one Irishman is to be roasted, there is another Irishman ready to turn the spit. The contemporary of Knickerbocker has evidently been assisted in composition by some master of Hibernian eloquence. The Irish adventurer who sought to recommend himself in London by stating that he had a remarkable talent for vituperation should have placed his abilities at the disposal of one of the parties in New York. It appears that Mr. Havemayer is still tormented with remorse at having on Kelly's recommendation appointed Richard Croker to the office of Marshal. He did not suppose from Kelly's remarks that Croker was a member of any church, but he did suppose that he was a young man whose merits had failed to receive full appreciation, and he expected to find in him a man of uprightness and peace; but he was mistaken. We have already quoted the emphatic language in which Mr. Croker has answered the Mayor's remarks on himself, and we need say nothing on behalf of a gentleman who is eminently capable of taking his own part. Another and more celebrated name is next introduced into the Mayor's indictment. "You and John Morrissey," he says to Kelly, "have been a power in this community, and your joint efforts have placed judges upon the bench and other men in office of more or less importance, all of whom you claim to own." This, or something like this, is, we believe, alleged by each of the contending parties against the other, and probably one party is as bad as the other and worse. The Irish element largely influences their language, and perhaps also their conduct. A distinction, which we think refined, is drawn between monies "fraudulently" and "wrongfully" obtained by Kelly, but as regards both alike it is alleged that his accomplices, being by his and their contrivance appointed auditors, passed whatever charges he chose to make against the city. It seems, indeed, that his charges must have been to a certain extent colourable. If he had thought proper to charge 100,000 dollars for the purchase of a white elephant for the amusement of a



prisoner under sentence of death, it is possible that even Auditor Watson might have hesitated to pass the item. As regards this functionary, Mr. Havemayer writes that

The Honorable John McKeon, whose hostility to corruption is as well known as his vigour in denouncing it, has often stated that Watson came [from California to New York] in irons, but he may not have intended to be understood literally.

We are inclined to think that other vigorous denunciations of corruption besides those which emanate from the Honourable John McKeon may not have been intended to be understood literally. Immediately after the publication of Mr. Havemayer's impeachment the reporter of the *Herald* called upon the author of it and found him serenely confident in the smashing and pulverizing which he had inflicted on Mr. Kelly, who on his part appeared, when visited, to regard with quiet contempt the "senile twaddle" of the Mayor. Each party has a room full of books and papers, and we know that even in England figures may be made to prove anything on paper. There is probably no idea in anybody's mind of attempting to prove against Kelly in a court of justice alleged peculations which are at least six years old. These imputations of fraud and perjury are merely the ordinary weapons in New York of a party warfare which is conducted on the method of the rival editors of *Estanswill*.

#### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE first of the autumn meetings at headquarters was made notable by the reappearance, after an absence of more than three years, of the colours of the Count de Lagrange on the English turf. The well-known blue and red, so associated in the minds of racegoers with recollections of *Gladiateur*, *Fille de l'Air*, and other celebrities, had a fair share of success during the last two days of the First October Meeting; and throughout the week the French stable, of which Count de Lagrange and M. Lefèvre are now the chiefs, showed improved form. The very first race of the meeting ended in the unlooked-for victory of *Novateur*, who met *Leolinus* across the Flat at even weights, had the speed of him all the way, and beat him in a canter, albeit *Fordham* did not trouble his horse to win by more than a head. A reference to the *Calendar* will show how vastly inferior the public form of *Novateur* has been to that of *Leolinus*; and the French horse must have made wonderful improvement since August to have been able to lower the colours of the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the second in the St. Leger. It was, however, apparent at a glance that *Leolinus* had been indulged since Doncaster, and he is about the last horse to dispense with strong work. The course across the Flat is just suited to him, but he was in distress before half the distance had been traversed, and rolled about from want of condition. The easy victory of *Novateur* had the effect of making him a prominent favourite for the Cambridgeshire; yet a public trial with a horse palpably unfit to run is not a very trustworthy criterion of merit. The *Hopeful* Stakes produced a very interesting contest between *Balfé*, *Camballo*, and *Ladylove*, and the two former met to decide the battle which in the July meeting had been a drawn affair between them. In the July Stakes, *Balfé*, who at half a mile would have won the race in a canter, died away to nothing in the last quarter of a mile, and *Camballo* won cleverly. Two days afterwards, in the Chesterfield Stakes, over the short last half of the Bunbury mile, *Balfé* galloped right away from his horses, and *Camballo*, who was attempting to concede 7 lbs., could get nowhere near him. The obvious explanation of this contradictory running was that *Balfé* was a wonderfully speedy horse for half a mile, but could go no further; but his friends appeared to attribute his defeat over the longer course for the July Stakes to the fact of his having shied at something when coming down the hill. On the other hand, the supporters of *Camballo* protested that the defeat of their horse in the Chesterfield Stakes was solely due to his having got off badly, and felt no apprehension as to the result of the next meeting of the rival pair. The race for the *Hopeful* Stakes is run over the easy last half of the Abingdon mile, and *Balfé*, who was on this occasion receiving only 3 lbs. from *Camballo*, won just as easily as when he was in receipt of an additional 4 lbs. *Ladylove* was a good third, a neck behind *Camballo*; and it must now be acknowledged that, while a longer distance suits the Champagne Stakes winner, there are few horses who could compete successfully at half a mile with Prince Soltykoff's speedy son of *Plaudit*. Nor did the week pass by without additional confirmation being afforded of the inability of *Balfé* to compass three-quarters of a mile, even in moderate company.

The first of the four great autumn handicaps came next in order, and attracted a good field of nineteen runners. When this race was run over the T.Y.C. it was little more than a scurry, in which the start was everything, and the odds were altogether in favour of the lightly weighted horses. Now that it is run on the severer *Bretby* Stakes course there is a much better chance for the topweights, and on this occasion the Great Eastern Handicap was as nearly as possible secured by that excellent mare *Modena*. Fifty yards more, and, despite her steady impost of 9 st. 3 lbs., she would have won easily. In addition to *Modena*, *Trombone* and *Andred* represented the heavy weights, and the field included the inevitable *Oxford Mixture*, *Genuine*, *Puzzle*, *Athelney*, and the French mare *Aurore*. The last-named has run very respectably on the Continent this

season, though her favourite distance seems to have been a mile and a quarter. She was sent over to Newmarket expressly to take part in the Great Eastern and October Handicaps, and since her arrival she had given satisfaction by her style of going at exercise. Possibly also she was indebted for some of her friends to the remembrance of the victory of her sire *Plutus* in this same race some years ago. The nineteen competitors got off with no difficulty to an excellent start, and it may be said that as they came down the Abingdon hill the race looked an absolute certainty for the French mare, who held a clear lead, and was going well within herself. Directly she touched the final ascent, however, she began to come back to her horses; and though the advantage she had secured earlier in the race was sufficient to ensure her the victory, she tired visibly at every stride, and only passed the judge's chair a neck in front of *Puzzle* and *Modena*, the latter of whom gained ground so rapidly in the last fifty yards that she must have won had the course been a little longer. The victory must be considered a lucky one for *Aurore*, for it is seldom that a horse going slower and slower at the end succeeds in winning. *Trombone*, we may add, would have been well up with the leaders, but was not ridden out for the barren honours of a place. For the rich *Buckenham* Stakes *Craig Millar*, *Yorkshire Bride*, and a son of *Skirmisher* and *Vertumna* came to the post. *Craig Millar*, on the strength of his close race with *Camballo* in the July Stakes, was made favourite, and justified the confidence placed in him by an easy win. *Yorkshire Bride*, as usual, ran gamely, but seems very deficient in pace. As a three-year-old, however, she may turn the tables on some of the more speedy performers of this season. The first day's racing was wound up by a good race over the Two Mile course from the Ditch in between *Gang Forward* and *Chivalrous*, and the ground, fortunately for the former, being good going, Mr. Crawford's fine-looking horse won cleverly by a neck, *Chivalrous* hanging on him very much toward the finish.

On the second day, *Leolinus* again essayed to cross the Flat, and, having only *Regal* and the *Vertumna* filly to dispose of, he accomplished his task with ease. Yet so out of condition was he that after this mere exercise canter he lathered as profusely as if he had run the Beacon course at racing pace. For the *Granby* Stakes *Balfé* and *Dreadnought*—each penalized 7 lbs.—were opposed by *La Sautouse*, a dark French filly by *Man-at-Arms*; and again did *Balfé* display his inability to go a yard over half a mile. Throughout the latter part of his journey over the six furlongs of the Criterion course he rolled about from side to side, and even had he beaten *La Sautouse* he would hardly have gained the stakes, for he would probably have been objected to on the ground of his interfering with her. We should have thought that this last exhibition of *Balfé*'s non-staying qualities would have effectually extinguished his chance for the Middle Park Plate; but it appears that he is still not without friends for that great event. In the succeeding race, from the Ditch in, *Trent* disposed of *The Pique* and *Boulet* with consummate ease, so that any idea of getting a public trial for *The Pique* for the *Cesarewitch* was frustrated. On the other hand, *Trent* is such a game, honest horse that he can be relied on to tell the owner of *Shannon* what chance his mare has for the great handicap of next week. There was but an indifferent card for Thursday, though we were introduced to *Coomassie*, a half-sister to *Chopette*, who possesses all the speed of that celebrated filly, and is built on a much more substantial scale. She made mincemeat of her five opponents, among whom were *Cashmere* and *Mary White*, and won in regular old-fashioned style—by fifteen lengths, and all the others pulling up. An indifferent field came out for the Twenty-seventh Triennial over the T.Y.C., and after *Régulade*'s unsatisfactory exhibition in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, *Garterly Bell* was thought good enough to win. Running much straighter, however, than when she last appeared in public, the French filly accomplished a clever victory over *Lord Falmouth*'s horse. But the best race on Thursday was between *Modena*, *Refinement*, and *Eve* for the Moulton Stakes. *Modena* lay so far out of her ground that when she did come at last, it did not appear possible for her to catch the two light weights. As it was, she just got up in the last stride and won by a head, a like distance separating the other two. On Friday the great good-looking Horse Chestnut beat *La Sautouse* easily over the last half-mile of the Beacon course; and as *Balfé* in the July Meeting distanced the son of *Lord Lyon* and *Golden Horn*, no further proof can be needed that *Balfé*'s defeat last week by *La Sautouse* was due to his inability to stay a yard over half-a-mile. Twelve ran for the October Handicap, including *Napolitain*, *Ecossais*, *Lady Patricia*, *Pique*, *Aurore*, *Genuine*, and *Wild Myrtle*. *Aurore* had to carry 12 lbs. extra for winning the Great Eastern Handicap, and this penalty effectually extinguished her chance. The race was run in a pelting storm of rain, and a storm on Newmarket Heath seldom improves a horse's temper. We must suppose that *Napolitain* and *Ecossais*, both of whom have wayward dispositions, objected to the rain beating in their faces; for though both of them were favourably weighted, and the French horse was reported to have won a good trial, they kept close company together all the way in the extreme rear. *The Pique* also gave no consolation to her *Cesarewitch* supporters, and the finish was left to *Wild Myrtle*, *Lady Patricia*, and *Genuine*. The Irish mare ran well, but could not give away the year to *Wild Myrtle*, who won cleverly by a length, *Lady Patricia* finishing as far in front of *Genuine*, who thus obtained the place he just missed in the Great Eastern Handicap. The running in the October Handicap would appear to have little bearing on future events, except so far as *Wild Myrtle* and *Lady*

Patricia may be useful as guides to their owners in reference to the chances of other horses in their stables. We need only add that the minor races of the week were very poorly patronized, and that the printed notice of the Jockey Club, prohibiting ready-money betting, was utterly disregarded. Probably it was not seriously expected that any attention would be paid to it.

## REVIEWS.

### THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.\*

SCIENTIFIC journals have of late teemed with communications, polemic and other, relative to the approaching transit of Venus across the sun. Now that the last of the expeditions sent out to view the transit has left our shores, we may expect a lull in this storm of papers, inasmuch as the time for suggestions and preparations is past. But the general interest felt in the matter by the public at large is rapidly increasing. Hitherto the matters discussed have rightly been of a technical character, as befitted discussions on so important a subject as the right steps to be taken in order to utilize to the full an occurrence of such rarity and interest. Such discussions were not likely to be appreciated by more than a small circle of readers, and it has chanced that the controversial element has been unusually largely represented in this case, so that those who might otherwise have been led to give attention to the matter have been repelled by seeing radical differences of opinion among those who were best instructed in it. In spite of an Englishman's love for a fight, he does not like to meddle with learned controversies on matters he does not understand, and prefers that doctors should get to agree amongst themselves before they call upon him to listen to their opinions. In this instance the amount of wordy debate was largely disproportionate to the real amount in dispute. Unfortunately for all parties, the chief disputant on the one side was a person in whose eyes the importance of the controversy did not end with the practical importance of the matter at issue. After the question had been settled by its being too late to adopt the measures advocated by Mr. Proctor, he continued the discussion with unabated interest. It took in his hands the form of a personal antagonism to the Astronomer Royal on the subject, and, though we think that much of this may be due to unfortunate peculiarities of style and temper, it is impossible not to notice in his papers a tone of personal assertion, of writing for one's own honour and glory. Still we admit that the object in view was a most laudable one. Mr. Proctor thought that a better use might be made of the opportunity in the interests of science, and he strove to convince people of the correctness of his views. But we doubt whether his papers on the subject will prove acceptable in the collected form in which they are offered in the present work, and we are sure that all the members of that numerous class which looks to Mr. Proctor as the best writer of readable books on astronomical topics will feel disappointed when they turn to it to learn something about the coming transit. Instead of finding information about the transit itself, they will have to content themselves with criticisms on the Astronomer Royal. Apart from whatever controversial interest they may have in the eyes of those who took part in the dispute, these papers possess no interest at the present time, and certainly are as unfitted for general reading from their technical character as would be the same number of papers chosen at random from a scientific journal. We do not know whether we ought to stigmatize it as a case of padding, or whether to think that it is due to an exaggerated estimate of the importance of the controversy now that its practical bearing is gone. But, whatever may be the cause of their appearance in the present form, we cannot too strongly express our disapprobation at the description of them on the title-page as "an investigation of the conditions of the coming transits of Venus recently confirmed by a unanimous vote of the chief astronomers of Great Britain." We presume that this refers to the unanimous vote at the Visitation of the Greenwich Observatory in 1873 on the resolution that Government should be applied to for means for additional expeditions to the Antarctic Regions. If this be so, it is so serious a misdescription that it is only to be pardoned by making great allowances for the heat of controversy.

We do not wish to resuscitate the dispute by an inquiry into its merits. All interest has been taken from it by the march of time, which has rendered the choice made by the Astronomer Royal irrevocable. Nor have we any wish to change the general impression left on the minds of the public—namely, that whether or not Mr. Proctor was right in contending that the Astronomer Royal had dismissed from his consideration the method advocated by Mr. Proctor in too cavalier a manner, and without assigning adequate reasons for so doing, he was at all events right in the main in deciding as he did, and had fully considered all sides of the question before so deciding. The point at issue was simply this. Of two methods of utilizing a transit of Venus in order to discover the distance of the sun from the earth, one requires observations to be made of the exact moment at which contact takes place either in entering or leaving the solar disc, and the other requires observations of the duration of the

transit—i.e. the interval between the two moments of contact. Hence the first-mentioned observations require the knowledge of the exact Greenwich time at the place, or, of what amounts to the same thing, of the longitude of the place. It is a difficult and tedious business to determine this with the degree of accuracy necessary for astronomical purposes, where a mistake of some twenty or thirty yards in the estimate of the distance of the instrument east or west of the meridian of Greenwich would make a perceptible difference; and hence it is natural that the other and simpler method should commend itself at first sight, since it requires little more than the possession of a tolerably good clock that will not vary its rate for a few hours. It is this latter method which the Astronomer Royal decided not to use, and the employment of which was so strongly advocated by Mr. Proctor. And the reasons for its rejection were very sound ones. Difficult as the determination of the exact longitude of a place is, it is, after all, a difficulty that can be overcome. The remedy is in our own hands; we must take extra precautions in order to ensure accuracy, but still we can then make sure of attaining to it. Such are not the hindrances which men of science now fear in connexion with the observation of rarely occurring astronomical phenomena, but the fatal and insuperable difficulties caused by bad weather and unfavourable atmospheric conditions. It will not soon be forgotten how completely useless were many of the observing parties in the total eclipse of 1870, when Professor Tyndall and Mr. Huggins took a party to Africa with no further result than being able to describe the phenomena of a wet day at Oran. The lands to which observers would have been sent had the method of durations been relied upon would have been situated in the extreme Antarctic regions, where the chance of favourable atmospheric conditions would have been very doubtful; and, moreover, the method fails, however excellently one contact may have been observed, if the other has not also been observed at the same place in an equally successful manner. These considerations led the Astronomer Royal to prefer the more certain though more difficult method, especially as, after all, mistakes in the estimation of longitude can be corrected by subsequent observation, if there is any reason to believe that in any case such mistakes have been made. That he was wise in so deciding we have little doubt, and this is confirmed by the fact that, of the very numerous expeditions that will go out to observe the transit, there is scarcely one that will use the method of durations except as secondary to other methods. It is not to be wondered at that irresponsible astronomers should be willing to pass resolutions advocating an application to Government for more money to be spent on additional expeditions. But this is a very different thing from the Astronomer Royal, absolute as he practically was so far as regarded the employment of the public money granted for the purpose, taking upon himself to advise expeditions the success of which was problematical. And, considering the exceeding difficulty of the duties which Sir George Airy had to discharge, we are glad to find so good a judge as Professor Forbes saying of him, in reference to the arrangements of the expedition:—

Fortunately we have in our Astronomer Royal a man who combines to an exceptional degree theoretical, mechanical, and organizing powers, and we may safely say that the present expedition has been completed under a generalship quite unparalleled in the annals of science. Sir George Airy has accomplished all that was required in a manner that has called forth the applause of those that have been connected with the preparations for this, perhaps the most important astronomical event of the century.

Professor Forbes's book, which is a reprint of some articles that appeared in *Nature*, is of a very different type from the part of Mr. Proctor's book that relates to the transit of Venus. It is a compact sketch of the whole matter in all its aspects—historical, scientific, and practical. Its only defect is that it is so short, and that in consequence it only touches on many interesting topics on which the reader would gladly have had more detailed information. For the general public who do not want to spend too much time upon it this will be no drawback, especially as, in spite of its terseness, it is marvellously complete, avoiding, however, with great judgment, all allusion to controversial matters. Its author is himself a member of the British expedition to the Sandwich Isles, a station which will be strongly occupied, and from which there is reason to expect excellent observations. From it we learn that the chief Southern observations will be made at stations belonging to three groups, the centres of which are New Zealand, the Mauritius, and Kerguelen Island. In the Northern Hemisphere the Russians will occupy a line of stations reaching from Teheran to Jeddo, but lying mainly in Siberia. Peking and Japan will each have three observing parties in their immediate vicinity, and Alexandria will be occupied by a British party in conjunction with which will be parties at Thebes and Cairo. In addition to these parties, certain observatories will be able to take observations, so that it is probable that the transit will be watched from between seventy and eighty stations. At each of these there will be several different methods of observation at work, some requiring actual observations to be made at the moment of contact, and some using photography for the purpose of obtaining permanent records of the phenomena, from which accurate measurements will be subsequently taken at leisure. It would not surprise us if the results obtained by this last method were found to be more trustworthy than those obtained by any other means. The best observer cannot calculate on being perfectly cool at the moment of seeing a phenomenon which he knows occurs only twice in a century, and to which he has been looking forward for months; and every astronomer is aware how the slightest excitement affects the accuracy of

\* *The Universe and the Coming Transit.* By R. A. Proctor, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

*The Transit of Venus.* By Professor George Forbes, B.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.



observations by altering to an unknown degree the "personal equation." All that could be done to practise the observers in their business has been done. For months they have been taking observations of artificial transits of Venus. A plate of glass, with an opaque spot to represent Venus, moves across a mock sun, so that the phenomena of a transit are made to occur in exactly the same order and at exactly the same rate as they will occur in reality. Not only does this train the observers to know for what they shall watch, but it enables them to compare their respective results, so as to be sure that they all consider the contact to take place at the same instant. For it must be remembered that the disc of Venus is of a finite angular magnitude, and takes a perceptible time to pass on to the sun's disc, and that, moreover, the phenomenon of irradiation causes the planet to appear to be only partially on the disc some seconds after it has in reality passed wholly on to it. But, with this preliminary practice, there can scarcely be any fear but that the observers will all record the instant of the occurrence of the same phase of the transit. Thanks to Mr. Janssen's ingenuity, their accuracy in this matter will also be tested by comparison with the results of photography; for he has contrived a method whereby photographs of the phases of the contact will be taken at intervals of a second during a space of time sufficient to cover the whole of the critical portion of the passage of the planet on to the face of the sun.

While these precautions are being taken to secure accurate observations at the moment, no less elaborate ones are adopted to secure the exact knowledge of the longitude of each of the stations. Many of them are in telegraphic communication with observatories whose positions are accurately known. In other cases chronometers will be taken to and fro between the stations and known spots until a sufficiently accurate determination has been made. Thus between Aden and the principal station at Mauritius, where Lord Lindsay has led an expedition admirably equipped at his own expense and under his own management, fifty chronometers will be taken to and fro four times, and the result will be flashed by sun-light signals to the neighbouring islands. All the English stations will make use of lunar observations, and the observers have orders to remain at their stations until they have obtained the longitude by this method to within one second. Nor shall we have to depend wholly on the success of these precautions. Other methods of observing the transit will be largely used which this question of time will not affect. For these last-mentioned methods it will be necessary that observations of the distance of Venus from the centre of the sun should be taken at repeated intervals during the transit. Here, again, photography will play an important part, as photographs can now be taken so perfectly that the measurements furnished by them are three times as accurate as those made by direct observation with the aid of the micrometer. The Americans are already well practised in this method, and with their instruments the image of the sun is formed always in the same spot, by the light being reflected down a fixed horizontal telescope, passing into a dark room, so that the operator has but to put in and take out the plates, without having even to leave his operating-room. It is interesting to compare these admirable arrangements with the simple ones made by the Rev. Jeremiah Horrox for watching the first transit of Venus that was ever observed. Although he was a genius of the highest order, the best means he could devise were as rude as those which any schoolboy might now adopt. It is true that they cannot be taken to represent the state of science at the time, for he had not the command of the public purse, being only a poor village curate; but the comparison gives some conception of the advance that has been made in the means of observation through the progress of science since that time. Such are the benefits of the legacies left to the scientific men of one age by those of preceding ages. But though the observers will be equipped with all the aids that science can suggest, and though they will not, like him, be compelled to discontinue their observations while they go and perform service in church, yet we doubt whether the results of their observations, while of infinitely greater scientific value, will be presented to us in a form half so charming as the poor curate's quaint *Venus in sole visa*.

#### DELAUNAY'S GRÆCO-JEWISH MONKS AND SIBYLS.\*

IN his recent volume, as in his *Philo*, which we noticed seven years ago, M. Delaunay deplores the neglect into which a branch of study once prominent among French scholars has since sunk in his country. Whatever may be said for Germany, there is nothing that England has done of late to give point by way of contrast to this censure of her neighbour. Of all contemporary centres of scholarship or philosophical thought, there is not one in which so little heed has been taken in modern times of that which was the real crisis or turning-point of European belief and intellectual life—the blending into one of Greek and Jewish thought in the school of Alexandria. Although England has put forth the best edition and a good popular translation of Philo, it is remarkable how little either our theologians or our writers of history have done to familiarize themselves with the teaching, or even with the language, of a school from which came forth the theology of Europe, and of which the great Jewish philosopher and allegorist is the sole extant representative.

\* *Moines et Sibylles dans l'Antiquité Judéo-Grecque*. Par Ferdinand Delaunay. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1874.

Without a thorough knowledge of Philo, the commonest, yet at the same time the most fundamental, ideas and phrases of the Bible are without a key. Controversies will never end so long as terms like the "Word," or the "Son," on which turns all the dogmatic divinity of Christendom, or "Regeneration" and "Renewal," the cardinal point of her ethical system, instead of being set in the light of familiar use and read by the aid of contemporary and common speech, are treated like fossils from some far-off and alien stratum of language. Here are at hand the records of a school or a community in which words like these were in daily use and were understood of all. In order really to understand St. John and St. Paul, it is to Alexandria that we must go. We must turn over the pages of Philo. Shadowy as the figure of this Jewish sage may be, well nigh mythical as he may be thought if we regard the length of years assigned to him by tradition or imperfect report, mystic and unhistorical as he is all through his sixty or more treatises, he represents, as M. Delaunay contends, a group of writers who set on foot a great school of philosophy. Eclectic in its sources and in its spirit, that school was able to work into unity those ideas of God, of nature, and of man, to which the genius of the highest nations of antiquity had given birth. To the genius of the Greek for philosophy and art, to the organizing power of the Roman, whether in arms, in politics, or in social life, the Hebrew brought a theological faculty which at once absorbed and dominated the rest. At the outset a humble intruder or parasite in the great hall of nations, the Jew, says M. Delaunay, crept in unnoticed and took his place at the feast of civilization. Bent, but not broken, by captivity, persecution, and exile, by dint of suppleness and tact he became strong. Under all his show of humility there lurked the pride of a race cherishing mighty privileges and conscious of a high destiny. The hanger-on becomes the host. The cringing usurer wields enormous wealth and rules the markets of the world. The exiled heir of the promise is proclaimed the messenger of God to all nations of the earth. No longer exclusive as of old, or indifferent to proselytizing, the new Judaism sets itself to teach and to convert the world. Its colonies form everywhere centres of light, of learning, of social order, of religious zeal and fervour. The head of this new movement was Alexandria, and the most illustrious of its interpreters was Philo.

The Judæo-Alexandrine school, which had a life of some three centuries, had its speculative and its practical phases, both of which are represented in the writings of the Jewish sage. A mystic and ascetic germ brought from the land of its birth, though sprung, it may be, from a root more Eastern still, was to be traced alike in the theosophic development of its belief and worship and in the form of its institutions. An allegorical tone pervaded the whole of its exegesis. Its spiritual life ran largely into exaltation. There were two special forms in which its practical organization had its issue and found the secret of its power—those of monachism and of prophecy, the first an organ of internal action, the second an agent of external proselytism. In the one was seen the influence of the Temple service, in the other that of the Schools of the Prophets. The one had its inward working amid the solitude, the silence, and the austerity of the cloister. The other cried aloud in the streets in accents of warning and woe. Within was the Monk, without was the Sibyl.

M. Delaunay's work, which, despite a somewhat inflated style of writing, shows throughout careful scholarship and original thought, is divided into two parts. The first treats of the origin, doctrines, and rites of Jewish monachism, ending with a translation of the remarkable book in which Philo gives a picture of the contemplative life of the Judæo-Alexandrine monks, or Therapeutæ. The authenticity and date of this work are ably vindicated against the cavils of critics, of whom the most extreme, M. Graetz, has set it down as the fabrication of a Gnostic or Montanist of the third century. M. Delaunay goes on to determine, by a series of minute investigations of the text, whether the Alexandrine monks were Jews or Judaizing Christians, and in what relations they stood to the Essenes on the one hand and to Christianity on the other. It is no ideal or imaginary picture of the cenobite life, but the portraiture of a large and active community, which Philo has located on the spot made famous centuries later by the flourishing monastery of Nitria. The silence of Josephus concerning them is explained either by the jealousy with which the Palestinian Jews regarded their brethren of the colonies, or by his confusion of them with the Essenes. Between the arbitrary judgment of Montfaucon, who denies all resemblance between these two bodies, and the no less extreme view of Joseph Scaliger, who masses them in a common sect, a substantial ground is sought in what Philo himself depicts from his own observation. To the Essenes he has devoted a part of one of his treatises, *Omnis probus liber*, more full by far than the passing notices of Josephus or Pliny. A century and a half before Christ, the chief colony or college of the Essenes was planted not far from Hebron, the vestiges of which M. de Sauley believes himself to have discovered at Mar-Saba. Their name is interpreted by Philo to mean holiness. This body probably formed the extreme limit of a number of convents comprising four thousand inmates, within the triangle formed by the brook Cedron, Hebron, and Bethlehem. Of the Essenes of Palestine and the Therapeutæ of Egypt, it is difficult to say which body was prior in time. Their differences in point of usage or belief are, however, more distinctly traceable. The monks of Palestine, like the Cistercians, cultivated the practical rather than the ascetic life. The day was passed in the cornfields, amid the lowing of cattle or the hum of bees. At night each brother sought his solitary cell. There was among

them no such absolute contempt for riches and the good things of life as among the Therapeutæ. Even marriage was permitted in some places. The resurrection of the soul apart from the body was held by the Essenes. There is, on the other hand, no proof of the Therapeutist doctrine on these points or on that of eternal rewards and punishments. Here Philo is obscure. The seventh-day Holy Supper is common to both—a reminiscence and a symbol, the Jewish writer believes, of the shew-bread. The ablutions and mystic rites by which each sect preceded and accompanied it are highly noteworthy, especially considering that the institution dates in either case from a period earlier than Christianity. With the Therapeutæ the feast passes into ecstasies, with chants and promiscuous nightlong dances, such as those which formed the basis of the worst charges brought against the Christian love-feasts. From the manifold points of contact which Philo's remarkable picture makes evident, it is impossible not to see that much of both the spirit and the letter of Jewish monachism under each of its forms passed directly into the body of Christianity, and was reproduced in the convents and hermitages of the third and later centuries of our era. To say, indeed, that Christianity, or even Christian monachism or asceticism, is a mere copy of a Jewish or Egyptian original, would be absurd. The roots of the Christian faith are infinitely wider and deeper. What is, however, brought out more and more clearly by critical inquiries like the present is that the Gospel has given to the common and universal religious idea the widest expansion and raised it to the noblest possible height.

In the second half of his work M. Delaunay enters into an elaborate history and criticism of the Sibylline oracles, based upon M. Alexandre's admirable edition of those fragments. The body of poetry attributed to the Sibyls, as distinct from the Delphic and other oracles which applied to more special or individual occasions, goes back to an antiquity beyond that of the Homeric poems, among which many fragments of them are traceable, possibly as far as the tenth century B.C. Their source was in the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, where Erythræ gave the Sibyl her best known name. Passing thence into Italian Greece, it was as the Sibyl of Cumæ that the well-known mythical personage came to Rome under the reign of the Kings. The sources of these mysterious sayings multiplied from age to age, till Varro, fifty years before Christ, could enumerate ten groups of Oracles each personified by a separate Sibyl. A second collection of a thousand verses, according to the same authority, was brought to Rome from Erythræ by chosen deputies eighty years B.C., and was afterwards, in the reign of Tiberius, enshrined in the Capitol. Meanwhile another element had come into action in what M. Delaunay terms the Eleventh Sibyl. From Rome he takes us to Alexandria. The prophetic spirit of Judaism begins to play a momentous part behind the mask of the Sibyl of Erythræ. To what extent, we have now to ask, is what may be called the cycle of the Hebrew Sibyl to be dated anterior to the Christian canon? If it may be regarded as independent of Christian sources, what do we learn therefrom as to the Jewish ideas of the period touching the person and the earthly advent of the Messiah, and the doctrine of the last things? To these points M. Delaunay addresses himself. As far back as the sixth century before our era the figure of the Messiah begins to loom on the Jewish mind. From the Captivity it takes a more definite form. The Son of Man, Son of David, Son of God, revealed by Daniel, had become a cherished image in the theology of the people. A hundred years before Christ, amongst Jewish theologians, especially at Alexandria, the idea and the name of the Word or Wisdom, the Breath or Spirit of God, came into use, and identified itself with the Son or Divine Word. In Philo all these terms have their recognized and definite use. The date of the book of Enoch at the same time becomes of paramount importance from its coming within the cycle of Messianic opinion. In a deliberate course of reasoning, which in the appendix he vindicates against the arguments brought in the interim by M. Maurice Vermes on the side of Colani, Nöldeke, and Hilgenfeld, M. Delaunay upholds the age of the book as anterior to that of the Christian revelation. Interpolations there may have been, he allows, as in the general Judeo-Alexandrine cycle, their clumsiness making them easy of detection. But, on the other hand, passages have been retained of a character so opposite that they could never have passed the hand of a systematic falsifier. This book, one of the most precious recoveries of modern literature, rejected as it is alike by Jews and Christians from their sacred canon, though quoted by Jude and Barnabas, uses the same words as Philo for the sacred personalities, even approaching to Trinitarian language. That it came forth from the monasteries of the Essenes M. Delaunay thinks it rash to affirm; but of the three groups into which its Messianic utterances may be divided, he refers the first to the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, 170 or 180 B.C., the age of our oldest Hebrew Sibylline Oracles, the second to the opening reign of John Hyrcanus, and the third somewhat later, about 144 B.C. The most striking of these prophecies are those of the fourth book, the apocalyptic visions of which run on to the triumph of the chosen race, the destruction of the Gentiles and of the earth, and the reign of the just in glory under the headship of the Son of Man. Whatever turn may have been given to a passage here and there, the bulk of the book bears witness to its having been written before the fall of the Holy City.

Allusions to Christian rites and points of doctrine show that there must have been much tampering with the text of the Sibylline books, and disturb all calculations of their respective dates. Taking up M. Alexandre's learned criticism, M. Delaunay

believes himself able to arrive at results in many cases more precise and sure. The precedent of Philo convinces him that the mention of heavenly bread, *ἁγίαι ἀρτοι*, with which the *proœmium* closes, involves no allusion to the Christian Eucharist. The fourth book does indeed speak of the capture of Jerusalem and of the eruption of Vesuvius, in terms too express for us to doubt that the passage was written as late as A.D. 80. M. Alexandre terms it the earliest of Christian Oracles. It is with M. Delaunay the last of the Judeo-Greek. The supposed flight of Nero, and his expected return from Asia, which some critics have discovered in the visions of the Apocalypse, and which appear in the text of the Sibyllist, need not be taken as ideas exclusively Christian; nor need there be seen, as Ewald agrees, any allusion to Christian baptism in the invitation to all nations to bathe themselves in the rivers. At no time were symbolical washings unknown among the Jews. One passage recognized by M. Alexandre as referring to Hadrian is held to be disputable by our author, who yet allows the intermixture with the work of the Sibyllists of more than one later passage from history, as well as of scraps of Erythrean verses, derived, he thinks probable, from the colleges of the Therapeutæ. The residuum of genuine Jewish Oracles is contained, he considers, in the fourth book, together with four paragraphs of the third, of which two books he subjoins a literal translation, with able critical notes. The first and second books he passes by as manifestly from Christian sources; the second, in particular, betraying traces of the errors of Origen. The later books are likewise omitted as of even later origin, the work of Judaizing Christians down to the time when, by order of the Emperors Honorius and Arcadius, the whole of the Sibylline Oracles were as far as possible destroyed. With the revival of letters these remarkable collections came once more to light in a more or less complete or critical form, and much credit is due to Whiston and others for the attempt to assign them their due place among the Christian evidences. The time has now gone by for Christianity to have anything to fear from any inquiry which may throw light upon the circumstances that prepared for and accompanied its birth, or the influences that ministered to its growth. The cause of the Gospel as well as the truth of history can derive nothing but gain from the widest and deepest research into those rich deposits of knowledge which have lain so long and so strangely neglected among us.

#### THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE OF GRAVELOTTE.\*

THOUGH not, as it has sometimes been wrongly called, the greatest battle of the world, Gravelotte exceeded all other battles of the late war in its dimensions, and is surpassed only by Koeniggratz and Leipsic in vastness. Indeed, in point of numbers it scarcely came behind the "Battle of the Nations," which destroyed French power as completely in 1813 as this did nearly sixty years later; whilst neither at Leipsic nor at Koeniggratz did either of the combatants dispose of a single army as large as that which obeyed Count Moltke's orders on the 18th August, 1870, as he moved to turn Bazaine from his chosen position. How this was finally done by the concentrated action of the Guards and Saxons, aided by part of the IX<sup>th</sup> Corps and such a force of guns as never acted together before, all brought to bear on the single corps of Canrobert; with what energy the stronghold of the French right at St. Privat was defended, and with what terrible sacrifice it was at last won; all this is an episode which must be more or less familiar to all who are not indifferent to the story of the war. Captain Hoffbauer's excellent work, though nominally confined to the action of the artillery, has already described that of the other arms in this tremendous contest with a precision which leaves little to be desired; and English readers have lately had the advantage of a good and clear translation of it by Captain Holist, from which the details and their bearing on each other may be accurately traced. Or those who specially delight in deeds of heroism performed by infantry under circumstances in which advance seems hopeless may peruse profitably the admirable lecture lately published by Captain Helmuth on the action of "The Guards on the 18th August." But it is a morning's walk for a pedestrian to pass round the line which the 245,000 Germans formed in their attack on Bazaine's position. And the very name given by their official writers to the battle, the double title of Gravelotte-St. Privat, shows a consciousness that the attacks on the French wings were in fact almost separate actions. It may be added that their results were very different. For if the attack on St. Privat had been no more successful than the other, had Bazaine's troops been kept as ready to attack as they proved themselves stout to defend, it is not too much to say that the whole course of the war might even at that date have been seriously changed. The official historian does not tell this as plainly as other witnesses of the contest he describes. Yet in his own precise details there are indications that the cast of the die of battle for the possession of St. Privat, however desperate it may at one time have seemed, was absolutely necessary for the victory which could not be won elsewhere.

We are much tempted to turn aside from this part of the subject to show the pains with which the Berlin writer has gathered up from scattered French sources of information that story of Bazaine's own doings which has never been told consecutively before in an authentic form. This part of his work is unconsciously a special tribute to

\* *Der Deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71, redigirt von der Kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. 1ter Theil. Heft 6.*



the superior accuracy of his own nation, which, as on many like occasions, tells with exactness and precision those particulars which the French historians fail to afford of their own army. We pass this by for the present. But the general remark is necessary that it can no longer be doubted that Bazaine here repeated, or rather continued, that strange tactical error which had so paralysed his superior forces on the morning of the 16th. He still was oppressed with the idea, founded of course on his own false view of the strategical value to him of Metz, that the enemy would seek to cut him off from that fortress, instead of pushing him back upon it. Thus, whilst Moltke was deliberately extending his left to embrace the French right in that fatal pressure which finally gave him the victory, the commander of the Army of the Rhine still looked over his left southward uneasily to the green woods that lie between Gravelotte and the river passages near Gorze, anticipating some sudden issue from them of a force attempting to thrust itself between his line of battle and the high hill of St. Quentin behind him to which he attached such fatal importance. Not that he was wholly without justification for this error. The whole of the German II<sup>nd</sup> Corps, with the exception of a single battalion left to guard the royal baggage at Pont-à-Mousson, was moving down the river from that place on such lines that it might have been directed with a single word that way, instead of becoming, as we shall see that it did in the later portion of the fight, a direct reserve to the hotly engaged left under Steinmetz at Gravelotte. This General had also a few battalions of his own army detached from his proper front before the village to the south of the French, which were lost apparently to his real object, and too weak to effect anything separately, yet sufficient for a very important purpose if they really served to keep the French Marshal's attention riveted on this imagined danger. But what should have been Bazaine's security, had he fully weighed the chances, was the fact that the Germans could not possibly, even with the great superiority of force they were showing, have troops enough to envelop both flanks of so extensive a line as that which he held. He had ample means early in the afternoon, had he used them, of comprehending the tremendous nature of the combination which they were preparing for his right. That they should then be also turning his left by the difficult country between it and the Moselle would have implied that they had made the grave mistake of completely separating their force into two distinct assailing bodies, leaving him centrally placed between the two. As soon as he once knew that affairs at St. Privat were looking serious, the fact should have relieved him at once from the fancy which paralysed his whole action, and left him free to act on his part with the active energy which his earliest critics, as well as this his latest one, all agree to have been utterly wanting in the conduct of his great charge.

What had really to be done by the assailants in the first great stages of the battle—in other words, Count Moltke's tactical design—has never been more clearly and truly described than in the single sentence in which the volume before us tells it, in commenting on the necessity which urged the Chief of the Royal Staff to send stringent orders to General Steinmetz (whose desire to press into action had already shown itself at Spicheren and Borny), not to engage the First Army prematurely. "Since to the Second Army" (whose commander, Prince Frederick Charles, had just ridden to the front to push forward its advance on Amanvillers and St. Privat) "was assigned the task of making a decisive stroke at the enemy's right by simultaneous attacks on its front and flank, the First Army received in these directions its commission to merely occupy the strong front of the hostile left wing, at first in a cautious manner." We will follow briefly the official writer's account of its execution of these orders.

General Steinmetz's detailed instructions permitted him to engage his artillery early. Indeed before noon the French batteries on Bazaine's left were trying the range over Gravelotte in the direction of his reserves, and soon after the batteries of the VII<sup>th</sup> Corps replied to them. To secure these the 15th Division, including half the infantry of that corps, was pushed forward, and so came exactly opposite the French left under Frossard, but with the deep ravine which all travellers remember to lie just on the Metz side of the village of Gravelotte, intervening between the opposed forces. The steepness of the eastern side of this gully makes it appear a terrible obstacle to the inexperienced eye which tries to imagine the German advance. But a far more serious matter to a practised soldier's eye must have been the plateau beyond rising gently up to Point de Jour, the key of the French left, across which some tiny lines of fresh-thrown earth showed that the French had covered the front of Frossard and of Lebœuf, who lay next to him, with the line of musketry trenches, to the future use of which their late military oracle, Marshal Niel, had attached so much value. The artillery contest soon waxed warm. The German batteries in their eagerness pushed beyond the line first indicated. The infantry supports thought it necessary to move forward with them. Individual officers (p. 784), with a dangerous excess, as it seems to us, of the independent bearing encouraged by the system under which they had been trained, began to throw single battalions, or even companies; certainly without orders, probably they themselves hardly knew why; across the belt of comparatively level space just above the ravine where advance was easiest. And before 2 p.m. the first of the advances was made on this part of the French position, which were successful only so long as the Germans were covered either by the steepness of the lower slope or the thickness of the bushes that abound there, but which ended in their being "swept back as with a broom"—we use the expres-

sion of a German eyewitness—when they emerged on the plateau itself, and the French skirmishers, disappearing rapidly before them, left the ground clear for the deadly action of the Chassepot from behind those slight-looking breastworks. Long and desperately was continued the skirmishing thus prematurely begun on the north side of the Gravelotte-Metz road. The VII<sup>th</sup> Corps carried early the most advanced musketry trench, which had been placed to look down the valley below, and was so advanced, therefore, as to be isolated from the French general line; but its infantry could not get beyond this. It was not until the VIII<sup>th</sup> Corps came strongly into the fight by its side, and their batteries had asserted the usual superiority of the German artillery in these battles, and driven Frossard's fairly to the rear, that the real first object of these attacks was gained, and a lodgment made in the large farmhouse of St. Hubert, which stands by the main road leading westward from Gravelotte, about half way up the rise of the hill to Point St. Jour.

With the capture of this position Steinmetz's advantages ceased. As the official writer sums it up, Frossard's corps and Lebœuf's (lying to his right or north) had been occupied, and prevented from supporting the French right wing, but their real position was quite unshaken. And one division of the VII<sup>th</sup> Corps was already quite unfit for further action; whilst the other, and the VIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, had already suffered severely. Indeed there is a distinct admission in this part of the narrative that both the leaders and their troops overrated the advantages which had been won, and thought erroneously that only a single push forward was needed to carry the enemy's line. Events soon proved this to be a mistake. In vain the German batteries boldly pushed down into the gorge along the road and strove to crown the height beyond. Their guns were stopped one by one in the hollow, or put out of action as they tried to deploy in face of the storm of bullets on the slope of the French side of the ravine. In vain the 1st Cavalry Division followed this desperate effort, and its leading regiment, the 4th Uhlans, struggling through the stream of confusion that choked the road about the hollow, galloped boldly forward. Its leading sections fell at once, swept down, man and steed, by the murderous fire. The horse battery which it had carried forward with it was driven back into the ravine utterly ruined for further action. And General Hartmann, warned by what he witnessed of the impossibility of the intended enterprise, unwillingly gave the order to draw his troops off. The French infantry cheered and pressed forward exultingly from their trenches. The advanced companies of the Germans followed the rearward movement of the cavalry. And at half-past four there was what the official writer calls a "sensible retreat" on this side. In plain words, a decided panic had set in; but it is affirmed in the same sentence which admits the fact, that it was not of long duration. In truth, as is elsewhere explained, Bazaine's false views of the situation prevented his reaping any advantage from Steinmetz's rashness and Frossard's brief success. The King himself, who watched the stream of fugitives, ordered up the intact II<sup>nd</sup> Corps to the support of the shaken First Army, and the conflict, which, from the French failure to advance in turn, had died away before Fransecky brought its divisions on into a mere skirmishers' fire on either side, was taken up with renewed vigour by the Germans, and continued until the success of Prince Frederick Charles at St. Privat decided the retreat of the whole French army. There is no more striking example in history of a great tactical opportunity thrown away than the passive conduct of the French Marshal, and his utter inability either to comprehend the danger on his right or to follow up the temporary success of his left. We have not of course judged solely by the text of the able volume before us. Obvious reasons compel us not to overlook other narratives of the contest. But the official history is too full and too honest not to show to the discerning critic that the one opportunity allowed to the French for saving St. Privat was in the moment of their brief success before Gravelotte, and that the opportunity, whatever it was worth, was marvellously thrown away by the fatuity or dulness of their chief.

#### A ROSE IN JUNE.

WE might briefly criticize *A Rose in June* by saying that it is a short story in Mrs. Oliphant's best style. The workmanship throughout is what might be expected from so experienced a literary artist; whilst there is a freshness of tone which is too often absent from the later works of voluminous writers. The plot of the story is of the slightest. It is the old theme which has been treated over and over again from the very dawn of literature. The Rose from whom the story takes its name is a charming young lady distracted between two lovers—one elderly and rich, the other young and poor. We need not say which of these suitors is favoured by the prudent mother, or to which the heart of the lady herself inclines. Neither need we trace the changing circumstances by which the heroine is alternately forced to the brink of a worldly marriage and saved from that painful necessity. It is enough to remark that Mrs. Oliphant has not been anxious to strengthen the contrast between the contending forces. The lover recommended by worldly considerations is not painted with horns and hoofs; he is a gentleman of much good taste and refinement, though betrayed into one questionable manoeuvre by his suspicion of a rival; and he is

\* *A Rose in June*. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1874.

shocked when he discovers that an alliance with him has been regarded by the girl's mother from a commercial point of view. Nor, again, is the mother a purely selfish or tyrannical kind of person. On the contrary, she has really a great deal to say for herself, and we are half inclined to suspect that most mothers of marriageable daughters in distressed circumstances will be very apt to take her view of the question. For ourselves, we confess that we sympathize very strongly with Mr. Incledon, the rich middle-aged lover. Of course we should have been sorry that Miss Damerel should have married him merely for his fortune, and perhaps he ought to have been more repelled by her obvious reluctance. But we decidedly condemn Miss Damerel's taste. Mr. Incledon, as we have said, is a man of thorough cultivation, of decided character, and of much honourable feeling. Though we have called him middle-aged, we have spoken merely on the conventional assumption of novelists, who regard a man of five-and-thirty as decidedly in the decline of life. For reasons which need not be fully explained, we are ourselves inclined to hold that five-and-thirty is about the age at which a man is best qualified to act the part of a youthful lover. And we fancy that Miss Damerel is rather childish in preferring a mere lad, ten or twelve years younger, who has no apparent recommendation except the very doubtful one of a commission in the Royal Navy and a sailor's facility for falling in love at a moment's notice. Indeed in the last page of the story Mrs. Oliphant delicately hints that some slight feeling of regret lingered in her heroine's mind when she thought in later years of her rejection of Mr. Incledon. However this may be, we must admit that Mrs. Oliphant is true enough to nature. Charming young ladies do not always prefer good scholarship and a love of the fine arts to the qualities which are most generally characteristic of our naval heroes. When women are thoroughly educated they will perhaps come to recognize the superiority of middle-aged scholars to youthful sailors; but Mrs. Oliphant is so far painting from the life. Her story and its characters make no demands upon our credulity. She might have found her models within the limits of any country district of moderate size; and the passions by which the story is worked are such as we could all exemplify from our own experience. If the fortune of an uncle drops in rather more opportunely than frequently happens in real life, we must admit that uncles sometimes die in reality, and even leave fortunes to their relatives; and that, at any rate, the expedient may be fairly allowed in the world of fiction.

One mode of praising such a book would be to appeal to the rather over-quoted example of Miss Austen, and to praise Mrs. Oliphant for not indulging in bigamy or murder. Negative commendation of that kind should go a very little way. People may be models of every domestic virtue and yet be naturally dull; and novels, as we know by woeful experience, may be fitted to lie on the table of every country clergyman in the kingdom and be as soporific as the dullest of the clergyman's sermons. Mrs. Oliphant deserves praise of a more positive and of a much rarer kind. *A Rose in June* is a novel which rises above the ordinary standard, not merely because it is lifelike and free from objectionable excitement, but because its accurate pictures of ordinary English life are coloured by a peculiar vein of delicate irony which betrays the presence of an unusually keen observer. The characters, it is plain, have been drawn by a very kindly and yet a very shrewd artist, perfectly alive to their weaknesses, and yet noticing them with an eye too sympathetic to be cynical. Each of them has little weaknesses which amuse without shocking us, and which give individuality to portraits of rather commonplace people. The girlishness of the heroine is charmingly exhibited by her feeble attempt at eloping, after the model of the novels which she had studied, into the world at large; and we are touched as well as amused by the absurdity of the proceeding. Another admirable touch is the *naïveté* with which she assumes that as soon as she becomes rich she is justified in breaking off the engagement which she had contracted in her poverty, though at the same time she recognizes, when it is put before her, the duty of sticking to her word in spite of consequences. With equal skill, the worldliness of the mother who insists upon the rich marriage is presented in such a way that we feel how much is to be said for her on the purely common-sense view of the subject. A coarser satirist would have made the maternal schemer simply selfish and brutal; Mrs. Oliphant makes us feel how closely the prudential motives are blended with a really praiseworthy desire for the substantial welfare of a young family. But the best character in the story is one who has a less conspicuous part to play, and whose death is made necessary at an early period by the exigencies of the plot. Mr. Damerel, the father of the heroine, and the parish clergyman, is drawn to the life with really admirable skill. We could have wished to see more of him, though his death, as we shall presently observe, is perhaps the most telling chapter in the book. He is a man of delicate tastes, whose thorough selfishness and frivolity is concealed from himself and from all his family by the graces of his manner and his excellence in an ornamental point of view. His wife slaves and toils to avert the consequences of his self-indulgent extravagance, and yet he puts on quite naturally an indefinable air of moral superiority when he reproves her for being, like Martha, careful and troubled about many things. Both his wife and his daughter, though suffering from his indolence, fully accept his view of the situation; the hardworking curate who does all the rector's duty has only a dim perception that his superior is a bit of a humbug; and the parish generally has the highest respect and esteem for

a man who does nothing so gracefully, and a corresponding contempt for the more industrious, but clumsy, subordinate who really keeps things going. When the rector is induced to visit one of his poor parishioners and catches a fever in consequence, everybody is dismayed; it seems to be an impertinence in death to catch hold of a man so far removed from all associations with dirt, squalor, and the generating causes of disease. When indeed the disease takes a long time, instead of immediately culminating in a dramatic fashion, the neighbourhood has a tacit sense that it has been wronged by the delay, though of course the open expression of such a feeling would have been repelled with horror. The deathbed of poor Mr. Damerel is exquisitely described. Inferior artists would have dwelt upon the more obviously tragic element, and would perhaps have wished us to listen to a sudden explosion of remorse for ill-spent time. Mrs. Oliphant's conception is much truer, and more really forcible and pathetic. Mr. Damerel remains himself to the last; he knows that he ought to die with a certain dignity, and that, as a clergyman, he ought to have certain religious sentiments. He is not a sceptic, and he is every now and then betrayed into a solemn mood of feeling, or into anxiety about the state of his family, whose prospects have been damaged by his systematic carelessness. But the prevailing tone of his mind is a kind of half melancholy and half pleasurable curiosity as to the strange mystery which he is entering. He feels himself tired, and resolves to leave all questions about his boys to a practical friend who will know what to advise. He quotes scraps of poetry; he repeats "the casement slowly grows a glittering square" (he should have said "glimmering"), and tries to think where the line occurs; and then he quotes Gray's lines about "dumb forgetfulness" and makes a critical remark or two on their beauty. He laughs softly, like a child, at the strange fancies which come into his head—a laugh which naturally shocks the hearers, and makes them attempt vainly to lead him into a more serious mood:—

"Why, man, don't look so grave," he says to his curate; "and you, my dear, don't cry, to discourage me. Set me out on my journey a little more cheerily! I never thought much about dying people before; and mind what I say, Nolan, because it is your work. Of course to those who have never thought about such matters before religion is all-important, but there is more in it than that. When a man's dying he wants humouring. Such strange fancies come into one's head. I am not at all troubled or serious to speak of; but it is a very odd thing, if you think of it, to set out on such a journey without the least notion where you are to go!"

The extreme "oddity" of death is not the thought which would occur to most people under such circumstances; but the reflection is admirably characteristic, and shows Mrs. Oliphant's true vein of really powerful humour. Writing of this kind is not perhaps likely to be very popular. Vehement repentance or an outbreak of profane indignation might have gratified some tastes. But the admirers of the more delicate forms of literary skill will probably think that the deathbed of Mr. Damerel, which of course suffers in our brief description, is really a very remarkable piece of writing, and is enough to give to the book in which it occurs a very high place in contemporary fiction.

#### NATURE'S REVELATIONS OF CHARACTER.\*

THERE are certain books which make one almost despair of science, and this is one of them. Dr. Simms does not belong to the class of circle-squarers, earth-flatteners, or universal cure-mongers. His design has nothing absurd in itself. He has no special craze that we can discover, and he can even talk of his undertaking in a manner not inconsistent with his knowing how to set about it. Nevertheless he has written a volume of hopeless and irredeemable un wisdom. As far as the introduction goes, there appears no reason why the book should not be worth something; the only ground of suspicion is a vague and bombastic style, coupled with a general slovenliness in referring to other subjects which one seldom meets with in a writer who really knows his own subject, and this is by no means conclusive. Men of very imperfect general education have done good special work before now, and a charitable construction of Dr. Simms's opening chapter might lead one to expect something of this kind. He states in effect (though with much needless magniloquence) that every feature of a human being has a history and meaning of its own if we could only find them out—which is quite true; that certain rough inferences founded on this belief are already acted upon to some extent by mankind in their dealings with one another—which is also quite true; that a special aptitude for making such inferences, in other words the gift of reading character, is of great use to those who possess it—which is also true; and that knowledge of this kind is capable of being made scientific—which we think is also true. We can see no reason why physiognomy should not some day become a definite and useful branch of the science of human nature; but we also see great reason for not expecting it to be done in a hurry. Mere observation of certain features as signs of character, however extensive and systematic, would carry us a very little way. Anyone moderately acquainted with scientific method must see that the conditions of the problem are far too complex to be dealt with in this fashion. In such a case we can only get a body of evidence roughly confirming what is roughly known already; or else, if we try to make our statements look more exact, the results become conflicting and illusory.

\* *Nature's Revelations of Character, &c.* By Joseph Simms, M.D. Printed for the Author. 1874.



The conclusions would be superfluous so far as they were intelligible, and unintelligible so far as they pretended to be real additions to knowledge. At most we should have a certain increase of the available raw material for science.

The way to the really scientific treatment of physiognomy will probably be found to lie in the careful and patient working out of the line of inquiry which has been opened by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the new edition of his *Psychology* and by Mr. Darwin in his work on the *Expression of the Emotions*. What we want to ascertain is not merely the signs, but the physiological interpretation of the signs. We ought to know whether the same feature may not tell two or more quite different stories, to what extent characteristic signs may persist by inheritance notwithstanding the loss or transformation of the thing signified, and many other matters of the same sort. These difficulties are not likely to be insuperable, as they do not differ in kind from those which have been overcome by other sciences dealing with complicated effects. But it is plain that no one who ignores such difficulties can do much for the advancement of this or any other new science. Now Dr. Simms ignores them all with a perfectly sublime ignorance. Notwithstanding his high scientific talk, he has not the least notion of the difference between science and the raw material of science. He says that his results are the fruit of twenty years' observation, and we may not be wrong in guessing that his observations might possibly have been of some use if he had known what to do with them. But he most unhappily takes his results for science, and so he has presented them in such a form that they are utterly worthless even as raw material. Dr. Simms gives us nothing better than a long list of "human faculties," most of them called by fearful and wonderful names of his own invention. Under the head of each faculty there is a dogmatic assertion that a particular feature or conformation is the mark of that faculty. These assertions are generally (but by no means always) supported by woodcuts showing one positive and one negative instance. One or both of these instances are often irrelevant, as when the negative instance is simply the head of some savage or illiterate person taken at random, who is presumed to be deficient in everything. As a rule it is quite impossible to discover on what evidence, if any, Dr. Simms has formed his opinions. Sometimes indeed one can catch him openly making conjectures *à priori* from an assumed fitness of things. In particular he has unconsciously taken up the mediæval doctrine of "signatures" in the crudest form. A straightforward character is indicated by straight limbs and features, but curly men are round-about and untrustworthy. This proposition is illustrated by a fancy picture of a curly man wearing a curly coat (the coat is hardly fair), who is described as a "surly, selfish, conceited, and deceptive scamp." His full moon-face is rebuked by the stern gaze of a hideously square-jawed, square-headed, and straight-haired profile—even the top of the ear is quite square—who is the type of a "systematic, punctual, and straightforward gentleman." The moral is further pointed by a vignette which represents "a curly, ambitious, and jealous dog." Again we are told that it is useless for a round man to try to be an architect or for a square man to try to be a watchmaker; for if a man is "not himself built upon the mechanical principle and with large bones, he will be quite unable to distinguish himself in dealing with square objects," while "to enable a man to do and judge of round work, it is necessary that he himself should be built on the round plan of human architecture." It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Simms that, according to this, the same man cannot possibly be competent to build a wall and a dome, and whoever understands the geometry of the straight line must be hopelessly incapable of learning the geometry of the circle. In like manner a cadaverous man "is entirely devoid of taste or judgment in the matter of colour, and he is so, simply because by the infallible law of nature no man can judge outside of himself that which does not enter into his own composition."

But enough and to spare of this. The only compensation we can offer to our readers for having troubled them so long with Dr. Simms's science is to give a few specimens of his additions to the English language and of his miscellaneous information. Here are four consecutive names of qualities from Dr. Simms's first group; *Animalimitationality*, *Aquasorbiveness*, or love of water, *Physioplidity*, or hope relating to bodily wants, *Graspativeness*, or love of gain. Then we have *Temporinaturalitiveness*, or the power of appreciating the lapse of time. This affords another charming example of the doctrine of signatures. Round-shaped men are the best judges of time, because "the planets are all constructed on the round form and all their motions are in circles more or less precise." The "more or less" precisely circular motion of the heavenly bodies is edifying; even the Ptolemaic astronomy had found out that it was a good deal less, though it admitted the fact in such a circular manner as to afford convincing proof that Ptolemy must have been a very round and temporinaturalitiveness man indeed. *Tonireceptionality* is the ability for appreciating sounds. For a negative instance there is a woodcut of "the un-musical ear" with a square top; comparing this with the straightforward gentleman before mentioned, we gather that straightforwardness and musical genius are incompatible. *Persistenacity* is the disposition of holding on. If we may believe Dr. Simms, he has induced some one else to use this word, for he professes to give us the portrait of a gentleman who once said to him, "I have lost thousands of dollars through my excessive persistenacity." Not content with having invented these and other unutterably barbarous words, Dr. Simms humbly explains to his countrymen (for he is an American)

that it is not his own fault if he spells English correctly. "The work having been printed and stereotyped in Britain, the old style of spelling used in that country has necessarily been employed," and we lose the advantage of knowing what Dr. Simms's new style would be like. Dr. Simms describes the faculty of credulousness as an excellent virtue, by means whereof Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; and whenever he has occasion to mention things in general, he shows that it is very fairly developed in himself. On two opposite pages he gives us three centenarians, warranted 164, 172, and 185 years of age respectively, which is the more curious as their old age has nothing whatever to do with the faculties supposed to be illustrated by their portraits. He likewise believes all the stories of giants he has ever met with, and gravely informs his readers that "the giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was 28 feet high." Also he quite believes in the Sciopeda, though in his picture the foot is nothing like big enough to serve as an umbrella, and almost believes in the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. He further seems to believe that he has procured authentic portraits of St. Judas Thadens (*sic*) and Josephus. In one place we find some curious ethnology. It appears by Dr. Simms's list of European races that the Germans are Teutonic, the Hollanders Dutch (which we therefore presume is something quite different from Teutonic), and the English are Cockney or Devonshire. We are lost in possible interpretations of this. Perhaps the Cockneys were non-Aryan aborigines on whom neither Celtic nor Teutonic conquerors could make any impression, and Devonshire is only a local variety of Cockney. Perhaps Cockney and Devonshire are two distinct races which fell from the clouds all over England about the same time, and are now hopelessly mixed up. Or perhaps it is a grand stroke of satire which British understandings cannot be expected to appreciate. As a "specimen of European" in general (notwithstanding these startling differences of race), we have a villainous caricature of King William of Prussia, who is described by no other title. We shall see, however, that Dr. Simms can use the title of Emperor with great effect when he pleases. Another eminent living man of quite a different sort, Mr. Darwin, fares no better on another page, and a still worse treatment is reserved for the author's countryman, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, who figures as an example of a "shaved and popular Christian." We know nothing to match this conjunction of epithets, unless it be the description of George III. in an old school history as a "bald but obstinate monarch." As to the larger varieties of mankind, the white race is shown to be the most perfect by the method of reasoning we are already familiar with—namely, because white is the purest colour. Dr. Simms's general philosophy is an optimism which goes so far that he points out in the following touching passage how grateful new countries ought to be to old ones for exporting diseases to them:—

The vessel which carries within her the seeds of intelligence and culture to be scattered over some benighted transoceanic country, bears with her also the elements of disease of which the new country knows nothing; but for which its heart is grateful in after years, when able to look at things with a common sense, philosophic eye. That which is superfluous, nature tries to get rid of, not only in things inanimate, but among men as well, so that during a campaign, as if dissatisfied with the number shot on the field, she scatters disease among the unwounded, until the slain in battle are as nothing compared to those who gradually succumb to consumption, fever, &c. Thus do we see working around us a beautiful balancing machinery, which, while lopping off individuals, makes arrangements for the prosperity and happiness of the whole.

We trust that Dr. Simms will head the subscription-list whenever it is proposed to balance the statue of Jenner with that of the nameless benefactor of Europe, and therefore of all European settlements in America and elsewhere, who first imported small-pox from Eastern Asia.

We generally expect to learn something of our own institutions from foreign writers, and here we are not disappointed. We learn that all Eton boys can climb trees by nature, and that a Committee of the House of Commons "waited on" Brindley on purpose to ask him what rivers were made for. Early in the book we find some paragraphs on self-made men, and under this head Dr. Simms is able to tell us positively that Homer was the son of a small farmer. He also contrives to excel the common mis-spelling of Claude's designation; *Lorraine* we are accustomed to, but *Claud Lorraine* is a novelty. But there are also more modern instances taken from those inhabitants of New York who pay an income-tax of (on?) 100,000 dols. and over. It is inspiring to know that "E. T. Morgan commenced life with a quarter measure of molasses"; that "the brothers Seligman started out in life with a pedlar's pack" (two brothers to one pack?); and that "David Dows retailed pork by the half-pound and molasses by the gill." In the matter of classical antiquities we hear that "Josephus Scaliger committed Homer's Iliads and his Odysseys (*sic*) entirely in twenty-one days." There is also a brilliant passage on the physical education of the ancients:—

About three hundred and ninety years after the founding of the great Roman Empire, and even at the time when the tyrant Caracalla ruled Rome, the practice of rope-dancing was one of the popular games, and it developed the Muscular system in a remarkable degree. In the days of Socrates, leaping was a common amusement. Alexander had many expert runners whose muscles were finely developed; and Glaucus excelled in many kinds of gymnastic feats.

Hence it appears, among other things, that rope-dancing is especially fitted to excite the hatred of tyrants, and that it was generally practised by Roman citizens. As for Glaucus, there might be some difficulty in selecting him from the half-dozen of

mythical and the dozen of historical persons who bore that name. One mythical Glaucus was indeed great in horse-racing, and one historical Glaucus owes the preservation of his memory to having excelled, not in "many kinds of gymnastic feats," but in boxing. We have kept to the last that which is perhaps Dr. Simms's most brilliant invention. One of his illustrations is "Charles VI., Emperor of West Austria, who died of dyspepsia." We know on high authority that *theologi non curant grammaticam, quia non est de sua facultate*, and by parity of reason a doctor of medicine might perhaps be allowed to speak of the Emperor Charles VI. as Emperor of Germany. But this grotesque and circumstantial anachronism is beyond any possible comity of faculties. Such a monster as an Emperor of West Austria in the last century—why West? and does Dr. Simms think there was another Emperor of East Austria?—would have had no need of dyspepsia to kill him. He would have perished of sheer astonishment at his own existence.

We find some slight internal evidence that our author has something to do with Boston. If so, he is a prophet not likely to find much honour in his own country, and he has done very wisely to have his book printed as far from Boston as possible. For there are two or three people there who know nonsense when they see it, and there is at least one such person who is both a physiologist and a humourist. We should almost feel moved to pity Dr. Simms if he fell into the hands of Dr. Wendell Holmes.

#### FORDUN'S CHRONICLE OF SCOTLAND.\*

WE feel amazed as we look at the date even of the later of these volumes. We feel sure that they must have reached us at a time much nearer to the present than even the second of their dates. We cannot believe that they have been waiting for notice at our hands for three, or even two, years. At any rate, if it be so, we will do our best to make up for our fault by not delaying any longer to say what we have to say about a really important contribution to the history of one part of our island. Yet when we use these words, when we speak of such a book as Fordun's Scottish Chronicle as an important source for Scottish history, it shows how much lower the standard of Scottish history is than that of any other part of the British islands. This Chronicle, which is in some sort the national history of Scotland, would not count for much either in England, in Ireland, or in Wales. Each of these countries has an early historical literature of its own, in its own distinctive language. It can hardly be laid to the blame of Scotland that she has no such literature in her own tongue; for the truth will out, that, as distinguished from the English, the Welsh, and the Irish of different parts of the Scottish dominion, no Scottish language ever existed at all. But, without asking for a fourth language in our island, we should have been well pleased to match our West-Saxon and Mercian Annals with an English Chronicle in the English of Lothian, our Irish *Chronica Scotorum* with other Irish annals north of the Scotswater, and, most of all, should we have been well-pleased to match the *Annales Cambrie* with *Annales Cumbrie*, and the *Brut y Tywysogion* with a record of the Celtic princes of Strathclyde in their own tongue. But these things are not to be had. We are driven to be thankful for the *Chronicon Pictorum*, and for the scraps which we find here and there in the *Chronicles* of England and Ireland. It marks the difference in this respect between Scotland and the other three parts of the kingdom that we have here a work of which its editor says with perfect truth that it "is unquestionably one of great importance for the history of Scotland prior to the death of James the First, and must form the basis of every history of that period," but which he does not venture to look on as thoroughly historical till it reaches the twelfth century. Here is the history of Scotland put into shape by one whom we believe to have been an honest and careful, and, for his time, not undiscerning writer. But the thing is not done till the fourteenth century. What would English history be if we had nothing earlier than Walter of Hemingburgh, or, throw a century in, and say earlier than Matthew Paris? Yet, even if our earlier and better writers were lost, we should not be so badly off, from the mere fact that there once were earlier and better writers, who left their mark on those who came after them. Thus, if we had to get our early English history from even the best writers of the thirteenth century, we should get a history largely mixed up with fabulous elements, but it would not be so essentially fabulous as the early parts of the Chronicle of John Fordun. Yet we are not at all disposed to find fault with John Fordun, who seems to have done his best according to his light, and who was in the unlucky case of having to make bricks without straw. Whatever we find to say against him, he is accurate and impartial compared with Barbour and Blind Harry. And he has been interpolated and continued by compilers worthy of much less respect than himself. Mr. Skene therefore has done a real service by teaching us to distinguish between the two elements in the received *Scotichronicon*, and in giving us an edition of the genuine work of Fordun as Fordun wrote it himself.

Mr. Skene's preface is almost wholly concerned with the literary history of the book which he edits. But of this he gives us a

very clear and satisfactory account. Hardly anything is known of John Fordun personally, but he seems to have been a priest attached to the church of Aberdeen. He left behind him five books complete, and materials for others to follow, which are here printed under the name of "*Gesta Annalia*." The book must have been written, or at least put into shape, between 1384 and 1387, because he speaks of Walter Wardlaw as Bishop of Glasgow and Cardinal, a description which belongs to those years only. But it seems that Fordun's own work existed in an earlier and a later shape, and that the later shape was largely the result of a journey in England and Ireland, in the course of which, among other things, he became acquainted with the writings of William of Malmesbury, from which he makes large extracts. The work was continued by a writer who was born in 1385, who began to write in 1441, and who ended in 1447, all these dates being given by himself. This continuator is said to have been Walter Bownmaker or Bower, Abbot of Inchcolm, a person of whom Mr. Skene says that nothing more is known. But in another manuscript another author is to be traced, who promises a history of Joan of Arc, which was never finished, or which has been lost. This is a pity, because the writer, whoever he was, could have spoken from personal knowledge, and it would have been well to have a Scottish version of those times written from personal knowledge. This writer promises to speak not only of Scottish matters, but also

de quibusdam aliis actibus mirificis quae ego qui scribo extra limites hujus regni scivi, vidi, et audiui. Item postremo de quadam puella mirabili, quae causa fuit recuperationis regni Franciae de manibus Henrici tyranni regis Angliae, quam vidi, novi, et cum ea fui in questis suis dictae recuperationis, usque ad finem vitae suae praesens interfui, &c.

Mr. Skene makes some remarks on the kind of changes and interpolations which Bower made in turning Fordun's materials into the shape of a regular history. In so doing "he has unfortunately altered Fordun's narrative in many instances, and that not merely in an arbitrary manner, but evidently with the object and intention of presenting the events in a different aspect from that in which they appear in Fordun's narrative." "They can, in fact," adds Mr. Skene, "only be viewed as intentional falsifications of history to suit a purpose." The instances which he quotes refer to the coronation of several of the Scottish Kings, as Malcolm the Fourth, Alexander the Second, Alexander the Third, Robert Bruce, and David the Second. In his account of all these ceremonies Bower has tried to represent the coronation of the Scottish Kings as more solemn, more ecclesiastical, more like the contemporary custom of England, than it really was. He tries to put its really primitive and Celtic nature into the background, and he makes Alexander the Third be anointed by the Bishop of St. Andrews, while, according to the true account preserved by the genuine Fordun, David the Second was the first King of Scots who received the ecclesiastical rite. The object is clear—namely, to represent the King of Scots as an anointed King, the peer of the King of England, and therefore not his vassal. This is one theory; according to our theory, so far as we have one, it was perfectly right that David the Second should be the first King of Scots to be anointed, because he was the first King of Scots who succeeded after the establishment of the independence of Scotland by the treaty of Northampton. We have also a lurking satisfaction when Mr. Skene, on the authority of Fordun, rehabilitates Sir Francis Palgrave's "*Seven Earls of Scotland*," who have latterly been somewhat under a cloud.

The changes which Bower made in the text of Fordun remind us somewhat of the changes which Matthew Paris made in the text of Roger of Wendover. Matthew was much too good an Englishman, and much too strong a foe of the Pope, for us to call him such hard names as Mr. Skene calls Walter Bower. But it is plain that Matthew took liberties of nearly the same kind with Roger's text, that he changed the colouring of the story according to his own widely different views of politics. It may be that Archbishop Hubert's speech on elective monarchy is as little authentic as the ecclesiastical unction of Alexander the Third. Still, even if it be so, it has a value which the other statement has not. But the two cases are closely parallel, and to get the original text of Fordun is a gain of the same kind as it was to get the original text of Roger of Wendover, and it is one for which we thank Mr. Skene very heartily.

The early part of Fordun's work is essentially mythical, as no one more strongly proclaims than his editor. Like all compilations of the kind, the work increases in value as it gets nearer the writer's own time, till towards the end it becomes a contemporary narrative. But the contemporary portion is to be found in the *Gesta Annalia*, the materials for the later books not at all in the part which the author lived to put into shape. In the parts which concern England, Fordun largely copies William of Malmesbury, as far as William of Malmesbury takes him. But he also gives a good many details of eleventh and twelfth century history from other sources, about which we should often be glad to know what those sources were. Thus we have in William of Malmesbury a short notice of Robert the son of Godwine, the crusading follower of the Ætheling Eadgar. Domesday also helps us to the name of Godwine as a tenant of Eadgar, and so helps to confirm William of Malmesbury's story, which indeed there is no reason to doubt. But in Fordun we get long stories about both Godwine and his son; how in the days of William Rufus, Eadgar was accused of treason by a certain Ordgar, "miles degener Anglicus," and how Godwine proved the innocence of his lord by wager of battle. Then we get a long account of the exploits of Robert, who is made to be the chief man in that expedition, nominally under the command of the Ætheling Eadgar, by which

\* *Johannis de Fordun Chronica Gentis Scotorum*. Edited by William F. Skene. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1871.

*John of Fordun's Chronicle of the Scottish Nation*. Translated from the Latin Text by Felix J. H. Skene. Edited by William F. Skene. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1872.



the younger Eadgar was set on the Scottish throne. All this, allowing for a little colouring in the details, is likely enough as regards the main facts. It contradicts nothing, and falls in with the very few notices which we have elsewhere of the two persons concerned. And the story has an interest of its own, because Godwine and Robert are typical men, representing the class of Englishmen who adopted Norman ways and took up Norman names. Had Robert simply appeared as Robert without the addition of "filius Godwini," he would certainly have been taken for a Norman or other stranger. But, just because the tale has a special interest, just because there is no reason to doubt its main outline, we should all the more like to know where John Fordun found his details.

The time of Edward the First is described by Fordun in a way intermediate between the true story and the wild inventions of the rhyming chroniclers. Fordun knew perfectly well that King Robert Bruce was not his own grandfather, thereby showing more accurate knowledge of genealogy than his contemporary Barbour. But he does not scruple to say that the crown was first adjudged to the elder Robert Bruce as his lawful right, and that it was only because he refused to do homage for the crown that it was given to John Baliol. Fordun's account of the surrender of William Wallace is curiously ambiguous. His words are:—"Willelmus Wallace per Johannem de Menteth fraudulenter et proditoraliter capitur, regi Anglie traditur." This is literally true. William Wallace was seized "per Johannem de Menteth" in the discharge of his official duty; but the act was undoubtedly "fraudulenter et proditoralis" on the part of Jack Short. Yet by any one who only knows the common fable the words of Fordun would certainly be taken as asserting it.

Of Mr. Skene's two volumes, the first contains the preface in the Latin text with some pieces in an appendix, among which is Æthelred of Rivaux's account of the Battle of the Standard. The second volume contains an English translation and Mr. Skene's notes. At the end of these last is an essay on "Tribe Communities in Scotland and the Early Tenure of Land" there, which is of importance just now, when so much light is being thrown from various quarters on the early tenure of land in various parts of the world.

#### THINGS A LADY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.\*

IN the anxious and simple-minded little heroine of *A Very Young Couple*—one of the best of the novelettes of last Christmas—we may recognize the ideal of the lady who would like to know the things which are written in this book. She would subscribe to the author's introductory extracts from the "inspired words of the wisest of men" in praise of the virtuous woman; and would agree with the conviction expressed in the preface that "our future is in the hands of woman," notwithstanding a secret sense of her own deficiency in the art of catering and account-keeping. According to Hannah More, "there is no surer test of integrity than a well-proportioned expenditure"; and the little lady who spent the sovereign given to her by her husband for the purchase of the materials of a dinner on bottles of strawberries, green peas, new potatoes, radishes, curry powder, and French plums, without so much as a thought about the meat which these were to garnish, would see a royal road to the dignities of honest and helpful housewifery in a red-and-gold-covered manual four-fifths of which are taken up with hints how to furnish neat little dinners for every day in the year, to say nothing of such feats of culinary legerdemain as making the roast leg of mutton of to-day appear to-morrow in the disguise of fried allerlee (query "rissoles"), and the next day's roast turkey come on again the day after as "a mole made of the remains of the turkey."

After this conjecture as to the type of lady with whom the volume before us is likely to be in demand, it may be well to ascertain the scope and views of the author or compiler who undertakes to supply "the things a lady would like to know." Mr. Southgate has evidently saturated his mind with a course of sermons and moral essays designed especially for the ear of the softer sex; and, starting with a quotation to the effect that it is "the glory of womanhood to elevate meat, drink, and household cares into something transfigured and sublime by the spirit in which she ministers them," he has set himself to ransack "treatises on the subject of making the management of domestic affairs easy and interesting"; and "to the suggestions these have supplied he has added what occurs to him from his own experience and observation." The practical result is that, out of a total of 537 pages, 450 relate to cooking and kindred matters, the small residue being devoted to a prelude of quotations expressive of what good men have thought of women, and to hints on travelling, dress, deportment, gardening, prayers, and so on. The most valuable part of the book is to be found in the recipes which Mr. Southgate has compiled from others, his original matter being easily discernible by an absurd turgidity of style, as where he says of tight boots that "they check the circulation of the pedal blood, make the feet cold, and sometimes aid in chilblaining them"; and of tight corsets, that "they dapple the cheek with unsightly blotches, convert its fine cuticle into a motley scurf, bear the eyes, discolour the teeth, and tip the nose with cranberry red." Nor, whilst on the subject of what is original and what is

borrowed matter in the pages before us, can we forbear pointing out that "the Suggestions to those who give Dinner Parties" and the "Hints on Travelling" are taken wholesale and without acknowledgment from Walker's *Original*, which, as luck will have it, has only just been republished. Elsewhere, amongst hints for conduct, two short quotations are credited to Thomas Walker, M.A.; but the omission to ascribe to him the two larger essays we have named must be attributed either to carelessness or disingenuousness. We are willing to leave Mr. Southgate on the former horn, because in the "suggestions" which he has introduced as a preface to party dinners, the advice (of Mr. Walker) to do away with centre-pieces and have a basket of beautiful bread, white and brown, in the middle of the table, with a silver fork on each side so that the guests may help themselves, is in curious contradiction to the compiler's own previous prescription of a centre-piece filled with fruit, flowers, or bouquets for the decoration of the table in each month of the year. It is an error in judgment of another and a lesser kind to cull (in this case with acknowledgment) the hints on the garden and gardening from the shilling manual of Messrs. Jones, Carter, and Co., which the readers of *Things a Lady would Like to Know* might be trusted to consult at first-hand, unless indeed there is a "transfiguring and subliming" process in transference into a seven-and-sixpenny volume.

As we have already said, the bulk of the book is made up of directions as to those very vital considerations of meat and drink, breakfasting, dining, and supping, which, tacitly at least, are assumed to be the things a lady would chiefly like to know, because apparently a knowledge of them is the surest way to the heart and affections of her lord. And, because we presume there lurks in meat and drink—howsoever and by whomsoever spiritualized—just a little suspicion of animalism, Mr. Southgate has hit upon the device of refining and sublimating the details of his "dinners arranged for every day in the year" by placing a poetic or quasi-poetic motto or quotation over each "bill of fare" as it comes round. The extracts, however, are by no means happily chosen. What connexion, for example, can be divined between the heading of the bill of fare for February 18—

The girl whom benevolence warms  
Is an angel who lives but to bless.—BLOOMFIELD—

and the "stewed eels, grilled bones, Turkish pilaw, potatoes, and custard pudding," which it introduces? Or, again, what are we to think of the juxtaposition of this admirable advice from Shakespeare—

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade—

with a carte made up of "boiled salmon, lobster sauce, beef kidneys, vegetables, and ground-rice pudding"? It is hard to say whether the entertainment so heralded and so composed is meant for a "tried" or an unfledged ally. The boiled salmon and lobster sauce might bespeak the former, but the beef kidneys and ground-rice pudding, *sans* alternative of any kind, are a problem we cannot profess to solve. No doubt Mr. Southgate may rejoin that there is no connexion between the motto, which is simply a word of encouragement to his lady readers, and the carte, which is a list of the "coarse and common things" they have daily to refine. But are we to disabuse our minds of the impression that, in the carte for February 22, which is as follows—

Against diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.—HERRICK.

- |                            |                     |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Herrings.               | 3. Mashed Potatoes. |
| 2. Rabbit à la Jardinière. | 4. College Pudding— |

motto and menu do not alike represent a maigre-day; or that, in that for April 8 (p. 116)—

It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.  
BULWER LYTTON.

- |                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Stewed Lobster. | 3. Vegetables.          |
| 2. Olla Podrida.   | 4. Ground Rice Pudding— |

the author does not mean to suggest a touching little consolation to the principal characters in "Love in a Cottage"? The coincidence of the motto for February 9, "Use no hartial deceit," &c. &c., with the first item of the carte, "Mock Turtle Soup," is perhaps accidental. Before, however, we quit the subject of these mottoes, on which perhaps enough has been said, it may not be out of place to remark that Mr. Southgate is more at fault than one should have expected so practised a compiler to be when he labels as "anonymous" the familiar lines of Keble's Evening Hymn which begin "We need not bid for cloistered cell"; and that he takes a liberty with Tennyson when he thus winds up the last stanza of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere":—

Pray heaven for a human heart,  
And let your selfish sorrow go.

The Laureate would hardly thank him for his alliterative emendation of the words "foolish yeoman."

It would be strange if, in so thick a volume and amidst such a variety of topics, the author should have failed to recall anything worth knowing. It was perhaps hardly worth while, however, to record such elementary truths as that "the best meat and the prime joints are cheapest in the end" and that "stews should never be suffered to boil." Upon such a statement as that "Crimped Gloucester salmon is plentiful in June and part of July, but it may be procured almost all the year round" (24) one cannot help remarking that the latter part of it is

\* *Things a Lady would Like to Know.* By Henry Southgate, Author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds." London and Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1874.

singularly vague, and that we imagine the Conservators and Fishery Boards of the Severn would have something to say to it; and when the author speaks, in p. 128, of cherries and strawberries as in season in May and of green apricots as in season at any time, we surmise that he dwells in a country where fruits mature very early. The daily bills of fare are wonderfully free from sameness, and where familiar dishes come round again in the course of weeks and months, we are bound to say there is generally something new and worth knowing in the recipes for cooking them. In p. 174 it is a good idea "to dish a boiled leg of lamb upon a bank of spinach." In p. 266 "Boiled ducks" are a novelty, and perhaps a good one. They should be salted two days, then slowly boiled in a cloth, and served in onion sauce in the preparation of which milk is used instead of water. Oyster fritters (p. 283) is another good idea; and another October dish, stewed pheasant, is none the worse for having something more than a soupçon of oysters about it. "Wrexham soup" (p. 184) may be recommended to those who like a good hotch-potch of vegetables; but we had rather stick to the old plan of serving asparagus. Cut from a good country bed, the eatable part is nearer the whole than the half, and the lack of tongs need not drive us to the new fashion. In p. 214 a hint is given with a great flourish of trumpets, which consists in a recommendation to drink claret after salmon in order to realize the true flavour of the wine. Most people will probably be disposed to stick to hock. We have no fault to find with the "party dinners," the bills of fare for these being conceived in a liberal spirit, which does not in all cases characterize the every-day cartes that precede them. About breakfasts and tea, also, Mr. Southgate entertains sound views, though, in the desire to prescribe light suppers, his first suggestion is "Roast larks." We trust they may lie heavy on the chests of those who act upon his advice.

Amongst the other matters discussed we have no intention of noticing "the Hints for the Angels of our Households," on "Prayer, &c.," which strike us as singularly out of place in what is, in point of fact, a cookery book. The suggestions as to dress and toilet include two or three which are perhaps rather to be wondered at than imitated—e.g., where, in p. 487, this direction is given:—"To clean the teeth. Rub your brush in the soap you use; and lather your teeth well." With this may be compared a recipe in p. 484:—"To prevent the hair from falling off. Sponge the hair lightly every day with cold tea." Had this latter recipe been given with the elegant minuteness of the former, we should not have been surprised at the addition of a rider—"in the slop-basin." If we have not already said enough to show our estimate of this made-up book, we must content ourselves with a general conclusion—that in the culinary department of it, where the author seems to be really at home, his oracles may possibly be of some service, but that in all else his information is at best second-hand, and in much (as where he gives "ranunculus arvensis" as the Latin name for "crow-foot") inaccurate.

#### LOWER'S WAYSIDE NOTES IN SCANDINAVIA.\*

MR. LOWER'S style of writing is not faultless, and the matter of his volume might be far better than it is and yet not be good. He entreats his countrymen, instead of hurrying to the hackneyed banks of the Rhine, "to go to Scandinavia and spend two or three months, say in May, June, and July, in those pleasant hospitable countries." It is to be hoped that such as may take his advice may not feel themselves bound to follow his example by writing books like Mr. Lower's, or by writing any books at all. Mr. Lower is no sportsman, and his health was not strong enough to allow him to do more than see a few cities, and make some excursions in carriages to places easy of access. He went nowhere, in short, where the traveller would not find a sufficient guide in "Murray," and from "Murray" he seems to have gathered no small part of the matter with which he has filled his scanty pages. The matter so borrowed has not gained by the process. Mr. Lower's attempts at sprightliness only bring out more prominently the dullness and monotony of his writing; nor can we wonder if the reader closes the book with the impression that, if nothing more be needed, the duties of authorship are easily discharged.

Mr. Lower does not tell us precisely how far his travels were extended. He left London in July of last year, and his sojourn was cut short by renewed illness, seemingly, not many weeks later. During this time he saw a little of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; but his volume is practically taken up with describing the sights of Copenhagen. His acquaintance with the history of those countries, and with their antiquities, we need not question; but if it be asked whether his book contains much that is both true and new, the answer must be in the negative. The poverty of his matter is not relieved by the frequent jauntiness of his manner, and by an affectation of simplicity not altogether in harmony with his ordinary modes of expression. With Elsinore or Helsingør he confesses himself disappointed, not on account of any supposed insignificance or repulsiveness in the place, but because he found no trace of Hamlet there. The stream in the Marienlyst garden was not deep enough, he thinks, to allow Ophelia to drown herself in it; and hence Elsinore was to him (why, we cannot comprehend) "the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out." No sooner is he landed in Scan-

dinavia than he proceeds "to remind the gentle reader of a few historical and geographical facts which may have escaped his recollection." These facts the reader may for the most part find in ordinary treatises on the history or geography of Northern Europe; and Mr. Lower, conscious that the plan which he seeks to carry out may be set aside as rather dull, does what he can to enliven it by skipping from one country to another, and hurrying from mountains and lakes to Parliaments, and back again. From a sketch of Danish history we are carried off to the Dovrefjelds of Norway, and thence are brought back to the Danish "Thing," of which he is scandalized to find that peasants, mechanics, and butchers may be members. Some remarks on these legislators are immediately followed by a list of the birds and beasts killed in Norway in 1855, and by an account of the migrations of the lemming. Having spent nearly half his book in describing, or, as he puts it, in rehearsing, the beautiful works of art at Copenhagen, he hastens to give a Norwegian legend, and then runs back to the cities and palaces of Denmark. Like other men who write rather because they wish to say something than because they have something to say, he looks with favour on digressions, as devices for producing variety, and resorts to them without much scruple.

If we are told little about mountains and streams or the amusements and occupations to be found among them, we have some experiences of an invalid, which may possibly tempt others in the like case to brave the hardships of a voyage to the Baltic. Confined to his bed for a day or two by an attack of illness, the author is visited by a lady who sits for half an hour holding his hand in hers all the time, and "talking in a manner calculated to cheer an invalid's heart." "On another occasion," we are told, "my wife and myself visited several newly-made lady friends, and I kissed six of them without a blush among the eight of us! I don't believe there is a coquette in all Scandinavia." The conclusion is consolatory. Not less pleasant is it to learn that the Danish peasantry have not lost the good manners which seem to be fading away in England. "They are mostly clean and decently habited. When they meet a superior, they salute him by raising their caps, and they do the same to persons of their own position, if known to them."

Shut out by illness from more active tasks, Mr. Lower was driven to spend his time chiefly in museums, the contents of some of which are in great part catalogued. The remarks appended to some have, indeed, much the look of padding. Among the works of Thorwaldsen is a Cupid complaining to his mother of the sting of a bee; and a page is filled with the whole ode of Anacreon, in which he thinks that the tale is "well told," and with a part of an English version of the ode, which is all that he can remember of it. The reader is bidden to mark the moral, which is "that Venus says to Cupid, 'You ought not to complain of the sting of a bee, when you have wounded so many hearts with your own winged arrows.'" If we have the moral at all, it would be well to have it as it is. When some men in the army of Mahomet spoke of the heat of the day, the prophet reminded them of another place where the weather was hotter. In the ode of Anacreon Aphrodite simply bids Eros measure from his own pain the much greater pain which he causes to his victims. But, to use a phrase of which Mr. Lower seems to be fond, we may let this pass, and turn to his remarks on Scandinavian history. If these are not profound, they are thrown off with a patronizing air which some persons may find amusing in leisure moments. Having praised the behaviour of the victor at Stamford Bridge, he adds:—"Poor Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, only three weeks later was slain at the battle of Hastings by the followers of William the Conqueror." It may be said that books should be both written and read without much trouble. Certainly it is no laborious task to tell us that "after the Thirty Years' War Sweden was so raised in the scale of nations that from an obscure State it came to be considered one of the first of European Powers." But the reflections made on Swedish or other history are not always consistent, even when they are found in consecutive pages. After the days of Gustavus, Sweden, he remarks, "was again reduced to its original and normal condition," the conclusion being that "there never was since the world began so wretched a country as this, and its history ought to be written in letters of blood." This proposition, which implies a somewhat wide range of historical knowledge, is a little modified in the next page, in which we are told that "clouds have for the most part pervaded its political atmosphere, but they have been happily atoned for by the most glorious bursts of sunshine that this changeable world has ever witnessed."

Mr. Lower has also something to tell us on the languages of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Their general likeness is a strong proof of the common origin of the inhabitants. Candidly avowing his ignorance of these languages, and thinking that many have been "deterred from getting at least a smattering of them by the repulsive Gothic characters resembling those of the German," he gives a few specimens in proof of their close affinity. Among these are rightly enough the numerals and the names of days of the week; but these are followed, not by lists of pronouns or modes of inflexion, but by the names of the months, in utter unconsciousness seemingly that these are neither English, Danish, nor Swedish. He also made the discovery that "there is the like similarity in conversational phrases, 'good morning' being in Norwegian *god morgen*, while 'good evening' is represented by *god aften*." For "further information" on languages which he does not profess to understand he refers his reader "to the instructive pages of our friend of Albemarle Street," contenting himself with the

\* *Wayside Notes in Scandinavia*. By Mark Antony Lower, M.A., F.S.A., &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.



remark that "we are in want of a book which might be called the 'Common Origin of Nations,' to show how all mankind have sprung from one stock." Certainly a book which should succeed in showing this would go to the root of the matter; but until it is written, Mr. Lower may read a good many written in support of his proposition and not a few which call it into question.

In truth, it is not easy to see what good purpose is answered by the desultory, superficial, and rambling talk which for the most part fills the pages of this book. Such talk of course leads to blundering, while it generally misses the points to be noticed. Mr. Lower marvels "that the people of one country cannot pronounce the local names of another. The French persist in calling our metropolis *Londres*. . . . And we are perhaps as much in fault as others, for we call Helsingør *Elsinore*, and Kjøbenhavn *Copenhagen*." It might be more instructive to point out the true English form of the name Copenhagen in our town of Chippenham. As an account of the countries visited, the book has no value whatever. It may be of some use to those who visit the Museum of Thorwaldsen (which, they are here told, is "one of the greatest educational establishments in the world," giving "a healthy tone of thought to both rich and poor"), as well as to those who may go through the Museum of Northern Antiquities. They will find in Mr. Lower's volume some remarks on Professor Engelhardt's Catalogue and on a large number of the objects classified in it. They will read something about Rune stones, and something about sagas and chronicles which are not much to be trusted; and if they desire nothing more than what is here put before them, they will be easily contented. Mr. Lower praises the letterpress of this Catalogue, with its illustrations, as among the best that he has ever seen. "If my volume," he adds, "should ever be reprinted in Scandinavia, I hope that it will issue from the 'Imprimerie de Thiele.'" We hope that no such misfortune may befall him. It is a pity that his book should be read in English; it would but make the matter worse to allow it to be read in another tongue.

#### MORTOMLEY'S ESTATE.\*

IT is scarcely fair to the ordinary reviewer to publish such a book as *Mortomley's Estate*. Familiar though he is with all the regular crimes, and hand in glove though he has been kept through a long course of reading with the worst criminals, he still does not profess to have any exact knowledge of the working of the Bankruptcy Act of 1869. Mrs. Riddell says that "he who goes into liquidation without first being sure of his trustee, his lawyer, and his committee, passes into an earthly hell, over the portals of which are engraved the same words as those surmounting Dante's *Inferno*." This may be all true. If, however, three long volumes are required to set it forth to the public, it is rather the services of an attorney than of a literary critic that are required to draw up a brief statement or review of her case. There have been stories, far too many indeed, in which writers have tried to combine amendment of the law with amusement of the public. We had never seen, however, till we came upon the volumes now before us, a novel in which the author was so carried away by hatred of the law as to forget altogether that the reader possibly might like to be amused. It would scarcely be too much to say that the hero of the story is the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, and the heroine, winding up an estate by liquidation. We would not be understood to mean that there are no characters in the story. The author, however much she might have wished to represent a Bankruptcy Act abstractedly, yet by the very nature of the case was unfortunately bound to introduce a few people. There is a bankrupt's wife who dies in the very last chapter, and a City gentleman who earlier in the story avoids bankruptcy by poisoning himself off. It is easy to see, however, that such people as these are introduced, not as studies of character, but as a kind of framework, if we may use the expression, on which a law may be gibbeted. The law may be a bad one—with that at present we have nothing to do—but Mrs. Riddell's story is, we should imagine, in its way a good deal worse. A long story like this, where the author from beginning to end harps on one string, reminds us of nothing so much as the furrows that are ploughed in California. There you may see a man starting with a fresh team of horses whose sole task for that day will be to drive one furrow in a field that is nearly twenty miles broad. We are in one point only, but that an important one, happier than he. When we had reached the last chapter of the last volume, utterly weary though we were, we felt nevertheless that it would be a long time before we should have so tedious a journey to travel again. It is only a very long Act of Parliament that could afford matter enough for so long a tale, and long Acts happily are not passed every Session. If ever the Merchant Shipping Act gets through, then we shall expect a romantic treatise on it equalling in length and in dulness *Mortomley's Estate*. But for the next few Sessions we are, we conceive, safe.

Mrs. Riddell is as severe upon the men of business of the present day as she is upon the Bankruptcy Act. She talks in one place of "a few honest men in the City—a few of the typical ten who may yet save it, if indeed there are—almsgiving notwithstanding—ten left." She writes of

the days when England and Englishmen cared for something beyond sale

\* *Mortomley's Estate*. A Novel. By Mrs. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," "Too Much Alone," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Earl's Promise," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

and barter; when they laid down their lives for the sake of King, Country, Religion; and entertained grand ideas on the subject of Loyalty, Patriotism, and Courage, which pounds, shillings, and pence, the yard measure, and the modern god Commerce have long since elbowed out of court.

May we not expect to find the City men in their turn talking of the days when England and Englishwomen cared for something beyond writing nonsense and selling it; when they spent their lives in making wholesome puddings instead of foolish books, and entertained sensible ideas on the subject of domestic life and woman's work, which extravagant speculations, "sensationalism," and the modern god Excitement have long since elbowed out of court. The one reproach would be as much, or as little, deserved as the other. It is scarcely possible that any woman can know much of the way in which business is carried on in the City. It is altogether impossible for a woman who has spent her time in writing novels. We place but little credit in the charges that are made against whole classes of men. When we see dirt thrown round on all sides, though we know that some no doubt will stick, yet we have no reason to believe that any is fairly aimed. Wherever men are gathered together there are rascals to be found. We have no belief in that golden age of commerce of which those seem to know most who have read history least. When once we begin to trace back the course of time and to fix the age of this blessed innocence, we have to confess that it,

Like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as we follow, flies.

The novel-writers, and among them the women not least, surely are far more open than the men of business to the reproach that they have fallen away from a state of comparative innocence. *Mortomley's Estate* certainly is not in any way exposed, like the works of so many of our modern female writers, to the charge of immorality. Yet it is a book which could not have been written by either man or woman half a century ago. The race to which it belongs had not come into being then. That strange tongue which novelists now delight in, that mixture of the finest words and the vilest slang, was unknown. There were sentimental absurdities enough in the books of those days no doubt, but where in a writer of any name will any one find phrases that can be at all matched with those which lie scattered through Mrs. Riddell's novels? We will string a few of them together, taking them as they come. We read there of "a race of men eliminated from monkeys"; "anguished tears"; "impending bankrupts"; "a business in which he saw there lay, to quote his own mental phrase, something so 'fishy' as the conjunction of Kleinwort, Werner, and Forde"; "set down her foot upon a sentence"; "the loan of the name has been manipulated"; "Mortomley vibrating between office and works"; "italicizing the observation with a wink"; "of all the rot that ever I saw"; "strident tones"; "so supreme an idiot"; "wealth of flowers"; "wealth of foliage"; "beastly dark hole," "beastly English brute"; "a feasibility about his statements stamped them to her mind with a certain authenticity"; "he moaned about the premises"; "these ebullitions were all so many safety valves"; "if timid people elect to walk along Lower Thames Street"; "he elected to seek a change in Leicester-shire"; "he elected to have his chair wheeled up close to the side of the window"; and "he elected that Mr. Asherill's perfect gentleman should fill the post of liquidator." It is not merely phrases here and there, it is whole passages that are written in the same foolish language. In one page we read, "Hearing that Mr. Swanland turned from the window, where, in a make-believe convivial fashion, he had been conversing with himself and his liver, and said, 'Shut up!'; and in another, "Pedigree is one of those intangible and incontrovertible commodities which never commands (*sic*) a premium in the busy, bustling, practical city of London." It seems to us that men of business might with good reason demand that, if they are to be abused, they shall be at least abused in plain grammatical English. A lady novelist should not follow in the steps of O'Connell, nor try to scare City men in much the same way in which he did the fishwife when he told her that she kept an hypothermose in her house.

As for the story of *Mortomley's Estate*, there is no need to say much. A colour manufacturer acts very foolishly, gets involved, goes into liquidation without even consulting his own lawyer, and so affords the finest opening for general abuse of the Bankruptcy Act. But we will quote Mrs. Riddell at some length:—

Whether the gentlemen, commercial and legal no doubt, who concocted the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, and the other gentlemen of the Upper and Lower Houses who made it law, ever contemplated that an utterly irresponsible person should be placed in a responsible position it is not for me to say, but I cannot think that any body of men out of Hanwell could have proposed to themselves that the whole future of a bankrupt's life should be made dependent on the choice of a trustee, since it is simple nonsense to suppose a committee selected virtually by him and the petitioning creditor have the slightest voice in the matter.

And if any man in business whose affairs are going at all wrong should happen to read these lines, which unhappily is not at all probable, since literature at such a time chiefly assumes the form of manuscript, let him remember liquidation means no appeal, no chance of ever having justice done him, nor even, remote contingency,—supposing the trustee a cool hand like Mr. Swanland,—of setting himself right with the business world.

Then comes the passage which we have quoted above, where we are told that over the portals of that earthly hell, liquidation, are engraved the same words as those surmounting Dante's "Inferno." The author goes on to add:—"He has left hope behind. God help him, for nothing save a miracle can ever enable him to retrace the path to the spot where she sits immortal." Happily, in the present story the miracle occurs. There comes a *Deus ex machina*

in the shape of "the formulæ of a new yellow." We should be curious to know, by the way, why it is formulæ and not formula. If the colour trade, like modern novels, delights in fine words, there is no need surely to employ them always in the plural, even though a chance is thereby given of displaying a knowledge of the first declension in Latin. With the formulæ he starts in business again. The full iniquity of the Bankruptcy Act would never, however, have been set forth if by it a man were only kept in a state of liquidation for some few years. Though he gets out of it at the very end of the last volume, yet it is only to lose his wife at the same time. She dies apparently of consumption, but in reality of "that iniquitous Act of 1869" and of liquidation.

Mrs. Riddell, in her sweeping condemnation of "lords temporal and spiritual, and honourable gentlemen of the House of Commons," and the Acts of Parliament that they make, goes far beyond the beadle of a suburban parish whom we once heard deliver himself in the following words:—"I have seen a good many Acts of Parliament in my time, and to tell you the truth I don't think much of them." He was a man well advanced in years, but yet he did not bring forward an instance where a heroine had died of an iniquitous Act. Possibly, though he had attended many a marriage, he scarcely knew what a heroine was. If Mrs. Riddell knows of any law that works great injustice the Social Science Association is open, and there are Sections. Let her read a paper against it there. Let her not, under the pretence of writing a story, fill three long volumes with abuse, as violent as it is wearisome and ungrammatical, of great classes of her fellow-countrymen and of the laws under which we all live.

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